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THE
CANADIAN LYRE;

BY

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GENTLE READER,

I think these verses of mine worthy of being read. If I had been of a different opinion I would not have published them. I may value them too highly—you can judge; but remember—

“Feeling, Thought, and Fancy be
Gentle sister graces three :
If these prove averse to me
They will punish,—pardon Ye !”

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THE CANADIAN LYRE.

"THE GROWTH OF WHAT IS EXCELLENT IS SLOW."

So slow
The growth of what is excellent ; so hard
T' obtain perfection in this nether world.—COWPER.

Time travels on, year after year unfolding
New fates, and dates, and destinies to man,
Imprinting truths, to such as are beholding,
On every stage and date, from rear to van.
But take a comprehensive view of nations,
Their passions, and the channels where they flow,
The greatest truth among times revelations
Is, the "growth of what is excellent is slow."

What eloquence and truth seem worse than wasted,
On every sensual, mammon-grasping mind,
How many schemes for man's improvement blasted,
How often meanness leaves pure worth behind.
Behold! the height to which fair science reaches,
And lo! the depth brutality can go,
Does with a ten-fold force of reason teach us
That "the growth of what is excellent, is slow."

Even nature, if allowed without intrusion,
From any source save unperturbed art,
To work her ways, would quicken the conclusion
Of pure perfection in its fullest part ;
But from " posterity to generation "
Perverted, sensual, vicious passions flow—
Vice, like foul weeds, needs little cultivation,
Whilst " the growth of what is excellent is slow."

The loftiest souls that walk the world are broken
By unrewarded toil ; and that must be
One desolating cause, one bitter token
Of almost all the misery we see
When gazing round upon mankind, to gather
Some heaven-directed laborers. But, lo !
They're few as sunbeams in tempestuous weather,
For " the growth of what is excellent is slow."

Millions of cycles must have past, preparing
The world, e'er Eden's gorgeous garden bloomed ;
Thousands have fall'n, Galileo-like, for daring
To teach men truth, by heavenly light illumed ;
The best have not succeeded best, but perished
Like brands hurled out upon the wintry snow ;
And thousands more will fall who should be cherished,
For " the growth of what is excellent is slow."

Regretted joys, lost hopes, a future darkened—
These are the phases of our destiny :
The holiest hopes to which our hearts have hearkened,
Like fairest flowers, are first to fade away.

The gladdest hours of life most deeply grieve us,
And leave most pain, we know not why, but know
That those we put most faith in first deceive us,
For "the growth of what is excellent is slow."

Yet, be not baffled, thou who hast the yearning
For that which is essentially divine ;
Be not discouraged at the slow returning
Of all thine earnest efforts, nor repine ;
The talent God has given thee is strengthened
While battling with adversity, altho'
The distance from thine object may seem lengthened,
For "the growth of what is excellent is slow."

Remember, 'tis at *night* the stars are shining :
In rugged regions richest fruitage thrives :
The furnace of affliction is refining,
And double talent is his share who strives ;
Among life's roses thorns are thickly blended,
And in the tempest only shines the bow,
Even while the shades are far o'er fate extended,
For "the growth of what is excellent is slow."

SONG TO THE ABSENT ONE.

There are roses by the river, there is light upon the lea,
There is beauty blooming ever, there is every thing but
thee;

And my heart is like a mirror, where thy smiles forever
shine,

Eclipsing many an error that would otherwise be mine.
There are changes in the season, there are changes in
the sea,

Yet I hope there is no reason to believe there's change
in thee.

Thy smile is like the Sabbath day upon the sunny hills,
Thy beauty like the rainbow ray, thy laughter like the
rills,

Thy footstep like the dancing rain among the thirsty
flowers,

Thy kindness like the eglantine that twines the bloom-
ing bowers.

There are changes in the season, and in every thing I
see,

Oh! I hope there is no reason to believe there's change
in thee.

Lo, in every smiling blossom there is much that might
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But the heart within my bosom knows no other than
 thy smile,
 For thine influence around me, however grave or gay,
 Contains the spell that bound me, and will not pass
 away ;
 There are changes in the season, there are changes on
 the lea,
 Oh, I hope there is no reason to believe there's change
 in thee.



THE OLD NUMBER FOUR PLOW.



AIR—" *The Old Oaken Bucket.*"

Last time I returned to my "father's plantation,"
 The elm-shaded landscape was vividly green,
 The breezes were fill'd with the sweet exhalation
 Of flowers and song, and the sky was serene.
 My spirit rejoiced in the beauties of summer,
 And fancy took flights, unattempted before ;
 But suddenly sank when I saw a new comer,
 Had taken the place of the old Number Four.

My joy was dispelled by the shadows of sorrow,
 As all the reverses arose to my view,
 Since I steered the old plow, with its share like an arrow,
 Its iron-bound beam, and its handles of blue.

How oft in the fields when the crimson of morning,
 Made golden the mist on night's shadowy shore,
As the wood-robin welcomed the day light returning,
 I turned the brown furrows with old Number Four.

And all the day blest with the thrilling reflection,
 That soon as the eventide slowly drew near,
I would clasp to my breast with a gush of affection,
 My auburn haired Mary, the tenderly dear,
And wander with her, in my rapture a sharer,
 'Neath a roseate sky round earth's flow'ry floor,
'Till earth seem'd to fade, and the heavens come nearer
 The field that was furrowed with old Number Four.

Perhaps, after all, 'tis this rose of our spirits,
 Plucked out of life's wormwood, yet gathered in vain,
That gives the old plow such a halo of merits,
 Being mingled with joys that return not again.
But my heart fondly turns from life's wearisome changes,
 And beats for the beauty that blest it before,
And loves to contemplate, wherever it ranges,
 The rapture connected with old Number Four.

NOVEMBER—A DIRGE.

The old oak tree is dying,
The storm-tanned branch of centuries is bare,
The bark is riven from the trunk, and lying
Distant and near ;
The last fair robe of summer leaves is flying,
Withered and sear.

Departing wild birds gather
On the high branches, e'er they haste away,
Singing their farewell to the frigid ether,
And fading day,
To sport no more o'er withered mead or heather,
No longer gay.

And sullenly assuming
His throne, to vindicate the summer past,
Stern Autumn stops the thunder's distant booming
And lightning's blast ;
While from the north the dreary clouds are coming,
Sombre and vast.

The little cricket's singing,
Sounds lonely in the crisp and yellow leaves,
Like by-gone tones of tenderness up-bringing
A thought that grieves :
A bell upon a ruined turret ringing
On Sabbath eves.

The "tempest loving raven,"
Pilot of storms across the silent sky,
Soars loftily along the heaving heaven,
With doleful cry,
Ut'ring lone dirges. Thistle-beards are driven
Where the winds sigh.

And yet here is a flower
Still lingering, by the changing season spared,
And a lone bird within a leafless bower—
Two friends, who dared
To share the shadows of misfortune's hour,
Though unprepared.

SONG.

Written by request, to the tune "Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace
bled," and sung by Charles Milne, at Burns' birth-day Anniver-
sary, Jan. 25th, 1858.

Bard of scenes where heroes shine,
Bard of love and song divine,
Bard of "Days of Auld Lang Syne,"
The first of Scotia's bards ;
Nations offer up to thee,
A meed to thy nativity,
A birth-day song, and why not we ?
The best our heart affords.

Thy spirit poured itself in song,
In words that to the heart belong,
Impassioned, eloquent, and strong,
Even as thy rock-built hills;
Gems of genius sent to bless,
Gleams of heart-felt happiness,
Sent to dissipate distress,
With soul delighting thrills.

When scorned by "purse-proud" earth-born knaves
Thy song a new incentive gives,
"A man's a man for a' that" lives
Triumphant over time;
Watch-word thro' all years to be,
Beacon-light of history,
Hear our tribute unto thee,
And thine immortal rhyme.

Hear our humble song of praise,
Hear the tribute we would raise,
Tho' not like thy love-passioned lays,
Which thrill each bosom's cord.
Bard where Freedom's heroes shine,
Bard of scenes and songs divine,
Bard of love and "Auld Lang Syne,"
Immortal Scotia's bard.

TO THE FALLS ABOVE DUNDAS.



How long hast thou roll'd from the rock,
In a shadier channel to flow ?
Dost thou hasten away from the sunbeams that mock,
To hide thy dark billows below ?

Those billows that cradled my bark,
In the days of my childhood, by thee—
Then purely transparent—are sullen and dark,
And hasten away to the sea.

The bright sunny scenes of my youth,
I gladly again would renew,
For my dreams of the future were pleasant and smooth,
On thy billowy bosom of blue.

When I welcomed thy waters each morn,
As they came by the old forest trees,
Rejoicing in light, and the chorus'd return
Of the birds, and the odorous breeze.

But time and thy billowy course
Have been a far journey since then,
Driven onward by fate's irresistible force,
Till here I have met thee again.

And thy wave was a turbulent wave,
Since I walked by thy waters before,
And thou seek'st to be free from the tempests that rave,
And be calmed by the ocean's broad shore.

But thy hopes are delusive, for thou
Wilt find there's no rest for thee there,
Where the tempests will rise on the night's stormy brow,
And drive thy dark waves in the air.

Thou'rt happier now than the days
The future will open to thee,
If they dawn to behold the wild tempests that raise
Their war with thy waves in the sea.

No song of the wild bird is there,
No breeze scenting flowers appear,
With their odorous dews, and no trees waving fair,
With the various fruits of the year.

But the surf, the wild sea-weed, the sand.
And the caves where the dark shadows stay,
May wait to receive, in some far distant land,
Thy waters, and waste them away.

Then bear, as the past thou hast borne,
Endure, if thou canst not enjoy,
And thou may'st wake on some gilded morn
To find all those shadows gone by.

Though thy wave be a turbulent wave,
Even down from thy fountain's first pour,
Rejoice in the light where the forest trees wave,
And the song of the birds on thy shore.



THE SPINNING WHEEL.



Here is the vale, the elm-tree, and the oak,
All leaf-crowned still ;
The old log barn ! Ah, it was here awoke
My heart's first thrill ;
Here was life's sunniest spot—love's fond low tone—
Hope's bliss made real—
All ruled by one whose slaves were hearts, whose throne
A spinning wheel.

'Twas on the wheat-floor of this same old barn,
One morning, she
Sat me to hold a skein of tangled yarn,
And tangled me.

Yes, it was here the Fairy came to spin,
And I to reel,
That long, long thread from love's deep-tangled skein,
Round fate's strange wheel.

All the perfection sixteen Junes could shed
Was her sweet share ;
Soft auburn glories clustered round her head :
Ah! she was fair ;
Yet did not seem to know the thread she spun
With so much zeal,
Was the beginning of a finer one
By that same wheel.

Tho' I have been afar my heart will pay
A reverence still,
Even to that old neglected barn of gray
Beside the hill—
The lane towards the grove, whose path of dust
Trees did conceal—
The place we met, no witness near but just
Her and her wheel.

FAREWELL—A SONG.

AIR—*Afton Water.*

There is many a heart broken by being too true ;
There is many a word spoken that shades all life's view ;
Lone sounds left to wither and sadden the mind
In the path we come hither, far spreading behind.

Alas, that the day has departed so soon,
With the glory of May from the garden of June ;
The green leaf has gone from the frost-withered bough,
There is shade on the lone sounding waters below.

I look up the road, by the still, shaded grove,
Towards the abode of my desolate love ;
For my bosom will yearn to be happy with thee,
But thou'lt never return to our trysting tree.

A shadow is taking the light from the hill,
My spirit is aching, and lonely, and chill ;
So changes to sorrow the joy of the soul,
But fate's bitter arrows we cannot control.

I hear of thy praise in the halls of the wise,
And fear lest the rays of fame's roseate skies
May leave thee, e'er long, like my dream that is o'er,
Since I learned that love's song means be happy no more.

The music is ended, the rapture has fled,
The fragrance ascended, the blossom is dead ;
Henceforth by life's river no roses recline,
Thy pathway forever is parted from mine.

"'TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW."

—
TO R. R. D.
—

Who ever formed great plans in youth
Of mighty things to do—
Of wisdom, fortune, fame and power,
To aid the good and true ;
Who ever wished to bless his race—
To raise the poor and low :
Such patriot hearts have felt some pains
'Tis better not to know.

Ye fortune-fattened sons of wealth,
Ye bearded brainless blades,
Who snub all honest laboring men
Because they live by trades,
Be certain of your station, since
Life's fortunes ebb and flow ;
And there's misery, too, midst mammon's joys
'Tis better not to know.

Didst ever woo a beauteous maid
Who would not smile on thee ;
Thy bosom blindly hoping, still
" Refusing to be free,"
Until some rival baffled all,
And " spoiled thy sport ?" If so,
Thou art acquainted with some things
'Tis better not to know.

Has bright temptation lured thee on
To its fair gleaming goal,
Till harsh remorse to greater sins
Goads on thy harrowed soul :
Hopes wrecked 'midst rocks along life's stream,
All evermore laid low—
There are some moments in such scenes
'Tis better not to know.

Sin plods all feebly on thro' fate—
Dumb, wretched, tempted, blind—
Forbid to hope, and by remorse
Forbid to look behind ;
Resigned to the uncertainty
Of everything but woe,
And some dark, boding future pains
'Tis better not to know.

Tumultuous passions surge the soul,
And fitful visions flash—
Grief-chilled and fever-scorched by turns
'Neath pain's all-torturing lash,

Desiring death, if but for change,
Yet dreading hence to go,
"For in that sleep what dreams may come"
'Tis better not to know.

For in that dim futurity—
All hazy, lone and far,
Upon whose threshold Silence sits
And holds Death's door ajar
For souls to enter at all hours,
While from his house none go—
There may be secrets hidden there
'Tis better not to know.

The longing after hidden lore,
The thirst for unknown things ;
The fearful yearnings to explore
The future's mystic springs ;
The blighted happiness, and all—
All that we must forego,
Tho' want of wisdom pains, perchance
'Tis better not to know.

But wisdom makes us worthy heaven,
And knowledge gives us power ;
And holy science floods the soul,
As with a golden shower ;
And nature's studies speak of Him
From whom they brightly flow,
Whose lightest joy outweighs those cares
'Tis better not to know.

Then let us fathom every truth
'Tis possible to find,
To strengthen, bless and beautify
Man's all-desiring mind.
Earth's lights and shades, and all the stars
That soul-exalting glow,
Can teach to bear the "numerous ills"
'Tis better not to know.

A SIGH.

—
TO TILLY.
—

Tis strange whatever makes us blest
Can mar the bliss it gives,
By planting in the tender breast
The thorn that never leaves.

'Tis strange what gives us most delight
Can its own hope destroy,
And hurl the spirit from the height
Of its unfinished joy.

Why has the bosom so much room
For bliss, yet grieve? Ah! why
Do joys, like fragile flowers, bloom
To dazzle and to die?

THE LITTLE FRAME HOUSE AT THE FOOT OF
THE HILL.

TO M. A. R.

How often there comes to the spirit, when lonely,
Some picture of beauty, to gladden our toil ;
Some rose of wreck'd prospects, left blossoming only
'Midst the thistles and thorns of adversity's soil ,
And fadelessly fancy retains the reflection,
As a wave-mirrored rose by the side of a rill ;
Yet few things return such a sweet recollection
As the little frame house at the foot of the hill.

There's a meadow of green, with a stream running
through it,
Where the speckled fish sport, and the birds sing
their song
In a green grove of elm-trees, that once overgrew it,
And fleck'd the blue waters that wander along ;
Yet it is not all these that most beauty abides in ;
Oh, it is not the mead, with its free, flowing rill,
That sweetens remembrance, but her who resides in
The little frame house at the foot of the hill.

Her song is as sweet as the song of the robin
That sings by the stream, on the still summer eves ;
Her heart is the purest that ever did throb in
A beautiful breast, for the love it relieves ;
Her words are the kindest that ever connected
Two fates with that magical sentence, "I will."
No wonder my thoughts are so often directed
To the little frame house at the foot of the hill.

Oh, Sol ! shed the glow of thy beautiful glory ;
Rise, mornings of light, and beam evenings of peace ;
Come flowers, and come music, and make her life's
story
A heart full of love, every day to increase.
And, oh ! let the choice of her soul be unswerving
In that which gives life its most exquisite thrill,
For the whole world contains not a heart more
deserving
Than the little frame house at the foot of the hill.

THE COMET.

The shades are deep'ning. In the waving grass
The evening winds sound lonely as they pass
Upon their unseen ways. The forest trees
Sway lowly in the everchangeeful breeze,
With sounds like coming storms. The east reveals
The moon rolled up thro' flame-fringed azure fields,
Guarded and girt with changing shapes of gloom—
Like funerals moving to the silent tomb.
High in the west doth wondrous light appear,
The spacious splendors of whose unknown sphere
Rolls on unchanged forever, with full swoop,
Thro' superstition's shades, enkindling up
The boundlessness of ignorance ; anon
Rushing to realms remotest from the sun—
By superstition deem'd th' almighty wrath
Of Heaven, sent out upon some doomed world's path,
To blight it in its sin-bloom ; or to purge
The foulness from lost worlds upon hell's verge,
Where the great Ruler of the universe
Hurls all the force of his concentered curse,
Till writhing wretches, in their brimstone sea,
Out-howl the tempests of eternity.
Let us "be still and meditate," for lo !
The skies assume a supernatural glow :
An orb of light, the heavens to beautify,

“Beams through the night, and burns along the sky,”
From realms beyond thought’s utmost boundry line—
Confineless and unlimited—to shine,
The verge-lights of the universe ; nor hath
The boldest eagle winged that wondrous path.
And in the cycles of its absent years
How vast the change that on our earth appears.
Since last that light upon our planet shone,
What lofty spirits have glowed forth and gone :
Albyn’s soul-thrilling bard, and Albion’s light
More than eclipse that far-reflected flight ;
Each with the magic of his master-mind—
Celestial music clothed with words refined—
Knew how to quicken, how to quench each thrill,
And play upon the human heart at will.
In those gone days, upon our healthy hills,
There waved no corn, no clover by the rills ;
The winds, the oak tree and the walnut swayed,
The wild rose and the lily graced the shade ;
Our streets were wooded paths, whereby the deer
Came from the mountains to the waters clear ;
The unmolested Indian wandered free
O’er the wild hills of his nativity ;
The swarthy tribes, to nature’s instincts true,
Their weapons shaped, and wove the bark canoe,
And wooed their sable loves in “auld lang syne,”
’Neath the still cedars and the stately pine,
Watching with wonder, till the wandering ray
Waned dim in undiminished light away.
Such thoughts arose whilst gazing on the glow

Of heaven's new light, reflecting far, when lo !
The scene was changed. The winds had died away ;
The unmoved trees stood by the silent bay ;
The moon was hidden by a cloudy band,
And intense stillness reigned o'er all the land ;
A gauze-like haze of circumambient light
Illumed the purple landscape's distant height.
What sounds arise ? sweet as by angels made,
In echoes dying o'er the shore of shade ;
Such as the star-choir sang, when heaven's high band
Hailed the warm world, fresh from Jehovah's hand.
Hear ! the grand anthem swelleth high ! still higher !
Mixed with the measured language of the lyre :

I have travelled a road to a farther abode
Than thy wondering thoughts can wander ;
My career through the sky is so ample and high
That the heavens intervening roll under ;
The width of my spheres would encompass more years
Than the hours of all time rolled together,
As I gleam in the light of my musical flight
O'er the realms of eternity's ether.

O'er the stars that were made when Jehovah arrayed
Thy planet's first morn with pale fire ;
O'er each orbit and earth the creator sent forth
Through the heavens, since that morning, and prior ;
O'er the amethyst thrones, and the star-girded zones
Of the Ruler of regions sublime ;
O'er the forests and streams, and the beautiful beams
That come from the colors of time.

Yet 'tis piteous to see what a little to thee
Makes greatness, and troubles thy reason,
In that trebly cursed world that Jehovah has hurled,
As His footstool, in space for a season.
Thy low superstition, thy vaulting ambition,
And the wiles of thy learned, who have shammed,
Mingling lies with their lore, until ignorance and war
Have re-peopled the realms of the damned.

Man's pride, of an hour, grows despotic in power,
Uprearing great temples to sin,
Until reason and right, in their beautiful light,
Stand trembling, but enter not in ;
And the light-loving few who would teach what is true
Have a portion peculiarly hard ;
But the time will arrive when their wishes shall thrive,
With "abundance of peace" for reward.

I will bring thee a grace from the splendors of space,
A beam from the beauty of heaven ;
And the earth will assume such unlimited bloom
As the angels of Eden would live in :
For 'tis part of my mission to illumine earth's condition
And silence the wail of death's story ;
And there's many a sphere, in my spacious career,
That has grown out of gloom into glory.

As I glitter in light, and illumine the night,
And sing in my azure career ;
So I sang on the morn that earth's Eden was born,
With the harps of each beautiful sphere—

With the harps that were given to the angels of heaven
When creation's first Sabbath shone clear ;
But these anthems that roll are too grand for thy soul—
They would madden a mortal to hear.

When earth crosses my orb I will wholly absorb
The shade that is ruled by the moon ;
'Midst the light that surrounds will burst forth the
grand sounds
Of heaven's whole concert in tune ;
The just shall be fill'd with such rapture as thrilled
The happy in heaven that be ;
Thro' the lightening prongs of their sorrows and wrongs
They shall smile like a sunrise at sea.

SONG.

I took thy hand of beauty,
And trembled for my fate,
More than emperors for their kingdoms
When their armies meet in hate,
Till I saw the blushes blending
With the lily on thy brow,
Then all the future brightened,
And the heavens began to glow.

There was light upon the landscape,
Where the storm had been severe ;
There was light within my spirit,
And in all the atmosphere.
Thou didst not say by speaking
How much thy heart rejoiced ;
But the music of thy silence came
Sweet-toned and many-voiced.

I saw that thou wert troubled,
But more with ecstasy
Than sorrow, when made certain
Of the love I offered thee.
My heart was full of wonder
At its unaccustomed thrill,
And I left thee till the throbbing
Of my spirit would be still.

Let storms resume their journey,
Let tempests fill the skies,
Their shadows cannot darken
The splendor of thine eyes;
From thy smile of wondrous beauty
My spirit gathers power
To battle with misfortune, tho'
It lasts till life's last hour.

STANZAS.

"OUR VALORS ARE OUR BEST GODS."

Don't despise the poor man's pleasure,
Ye who bask in fortune's smiles,
For your nerve-relaxing leisure
May be purchased by his toils—
May be bought by labor's painful
Years, unlit with smiles of love ;
Worthy something less disdainful
Than such recompences prove.

There are some whose lives are shaded
For some strange especial cause :
Often, too, the least degraded—
Strict observers of life's laws.
We have seen the great in Spirit,
Large of heart and "grand in soul,"
Bound, by duty, to outwear it
In some wealthy fool's control.

We have found most fragrant sweetness
Comes from little heel-crushed flowers
Earth's most exquisite completeness
Is the work of lowly powers ;

Those sweet songs with tones heaven blending,
Are the wails from woe worn minds ;
Reeds before the tempest bending,
"Bruised by life-blighting winds.

Every useful innovation,
Every science ever taught,
All the wealth of every nation,
Hardy hands of Labor wrought :
By the plow our country's splendor
Grows on independant soil,
And the foremost to defend her
Are the sturdy sons of toil.

Earnest workers are the only
Moral teachers of mankind ;
And their lives are far less lonely
Than gross labor-scorners find.
Brows with untold raptures beating—
Hearts that burn with more than hope—
Is their share who with life's fleeting
Real joys and ills must cope.

There is nothing under heaven
So unarmed for this world's strife,
As a lofty passion-driven
Spirit, with no aim in life.
Don't despise the poor man's pleasure,
Ye who sit on fortune's thrones,
For your soul-seducing leisure
May be gained by unpaid groans.

When the trembling orphan pleadeth
Turn not sullenly away :
Give the hungry what he needeth—
It may be thy turn some day :
Don't forget that circumstances
Sometimes shade the mightiest souls—
Those whose works the most entrance us
'Rose to fame from lowly goals.

SONG.

AIR—*The Bride's farewell.*

Once thou wouldst have lingered longer,
Once, oh ! once thou wouldst not go;
Now those feelings have grown stronger,
Which, when blighted, bring such wo.
Once thou didst rejoice to share it—
T'was thy fondness called love forth—
Then do thou in pity spare it—
Spare the only joy of earth.

Who dared say thou wert a rover
When thy smiles were mine, oh ! who ?
Now, that hope's forever over,
Where is any thing that's true :

Every bliss forever ended,
Happiness that seemed secure—
Love so delicately blended—
All no longer to endure.

Of the past should this remind thee,
Think not all my pride decayed,
Tho' 'twas agony to find thee
Less than fancy's love arrayed.
Truth's rough hand unrobed the vision,
That my transient love had known,
And revealed my lost elysian-
Idol broken ; glory gone.

Lost to me, and lost forever,
All life's sunlight, oh! my soul
With a cold repulsive quiver,
Drinks to dregs truth's bitter bowl
Every joy forever ended ;
Dreams of bliss I deemed secure ;
Love so exquisitely blended ;
All no longer to endure.

A FRAGMENT.

What phantoms rise and flit along
The silent stream of vanished time :
Forms grief-subdued and still and pale,
As hope transfixed with untold crime.
Even now upon my longing sight
A well remembered scene appears,
Where parted clouds let down the light,
Then closed on all the coming years.

Among the sun-fields of the West,
Where rolls our country's grandest streams,
There lived a maiden lovelier far
Than fancy's fairest, fondest dreams.
Oft, when the sun's descending beams
Spread splendors o'er the western sky,
We met beneath the blooming thorn
And watched the wond'rous glory die.

There, in the golden eventide,
Beneath the fragrant hawthorn tree,
She, whom my spirit deified,
Gave all her promised years to me.
That sun has set. An unknown grave
Is there alone upon the hill,
And all the scene is silent, save
The vesper of the whip-poor-will.

Behold ! the very hill-side trees
Seem mourning o'er that lost sun-glow,
And up towards the west their arms
Wave in the twilight to and fro.
Angels of light who throng the road
Thro' Hinnom's dim lone solitudes,
My spirit longs for that abroad
Where everlasting stillness broods.

SONG.

"The warm-hearted grasp of a working man's hand."
'Midst changes and partings 'tis pleasant to find
The friends we most value still constant and kind ;
Oh ! sweet the reception that beauty can give
With the soul-thrilling pressure that bids hope to live,
But the noblest reception that nature has planned
Is the warm-hearted grasp of a working man's hand.

There is beauty in light, as the rainbow can prove ;
There is glory in labor, and rapture in love ;
There is valor in peace, and experience in years ;
There is power in joy, and a magic in tears ;
There is greatness in toil that too few understand,
And the warm-hearted grasp of a working man's hand.

Oh ! how piteous that those who do labor's least share
Are caressed by earth's fools, and preferred by the fair ;
And life after life is to vanity wrecked,
That reason would save if allowed to reflect ;
But the holiest alliance by love ever fanned
Is the warm-hearted grasp of a working man's hand.

SEPTEMBER.

Once more the maple leaves begin to strew
The walks and streams ;
There is a sadness in their transient hue,
Like twilight's beams—
Rich as the tintings fancy loves to view
In Life's fond dreams.

We knew that June's green hues from hill and glade
Would disappear ;
But ah ! we did not think their time to fade
Already here—
Behold ! the trees are brilliantly arrayed
In Autumn's sere :

And every June seems shorter in its stay,
 With all its pride.
Before the morning dew has passed away,
 'Tis eventide.
We watch the flowers appear—another day
 And they have died.

So pass we, one by one, health-flushed, hope-fired,
 In manhood's prime,
At any hour by desolate Death required,
 In his dim clime :
Millions of figures transiently attired
 Marching through time.

We missed the rose's fragrance from the air,
 When in our walks ;
We sought them where thy grew, but found naught
 there,
 Save some lone stalks,
Some bright blue flowrets and a scanty share
 Of hollyhocks.

Dark clouds arrange their shadows round the hill—
 On every gale
Leaps forth the yellow leaves—the whip-poor-will
 Has left the vale.
Long sable clouds of blackbirds, singing shrill,
 Slow southward sail.

The awful majesty of storms will come,
And blight the green ;
And all the grand array of summer bloom
Be no more seen :
Each day contains the universal doom
Of "what has been."

BURNS.

All hail to the birth-day that dawned on thy being—
A nation's best gift blest her bosom that morn :
The generous glow of thy genius far-seeing,
Of nobleness, boldness, and manliness born.

Tho' the cloud of adversity gathered around thee,
And fortune seemed pinioned by poverty's chain,
Their Hinnom-like hopelessness fail'd to confound thee
All chains for thy spirit were welded in vain.

Tho' cramped by obscurity's low occupation,
It seemed but to "quicken thine intellect strong—
It served but to make thee the earth's admiration,
The glory and boast of a nation of song.

By the lofty Ben Lomond in ether projecting
His cavernous crags where the cold breezes moan—
By the beautiful Ayr in its bosom reflecting
The sun, moon and stars, as they shine or have shone:

Thy genius was quickened, enraptured, reposing
Where fancies ecstatic at evening arise ;
From grandeur and beauty to mortals disclosing
Celestial reflections and heavenly dies.

Bequeathing mankind what no time or detraction
Or truth-testing changes can ever destroy—
A soul-soothing essence, a balm for dejection,
A tender assurance of innocent joy.

Thy songs have a power to strengthen the spirit,
To dissipate gloom in life's desolate hours ;
What doubles the rapture of Cupid's quick merit
Like the might of thy music's most mystical powers.

On the altar of Beauty exhaustless devotion
Outpouring in favour of virtue and love :
All eloquent teachings of tender emotion,
How hard is the heart that thy tones cannot move.

The lays of thy heart cannot fail to achieve
The highest position a nation can raise ;
Their heart-woven customs rejoiced to receive
Their saviour from changes that sadden their grace.

For the strength of thy soul seized the subjects around
And made thy creations posterity's praise, [thee,
'Till the nations who gaze would rejoice to have crown-
ed thee

With the palm branch of peace and the laurel's
green bays.

And the might of thy passionate mind could not slum-
But soared in the scenes of delight and despair ;[ber,
All wraped in the rapture of hope's happy number,
Or wand'ring oppressed on the banks of the Ayr.

How often those dreams that delight in the distance
Are wofully marred when adversity's force
Stops the feeling's fond flow with a sullen resistance
Like the stream's wave rolled back by the storm
from its course.

Yet it seemed of thy nature to gild life with glory—
With fancy to fashion what was not to be—
Upwarding each hope and encouraging story
That painted a future from misery free.

Light of the days that are ours no longer ;
Remnant of rapture departed for aye ;
Still grows the strength of thine influence stronger,
Gathering power as years pass away.

Time cannot extinguish the light of thy genius,
By nature conferred to ennoble mankind ;
An antidote sent to exalt and to wean us
From folly's allurements that trammel the mind.

In the "Temple of fame" the great Fergusson slumbers,
Where Campbell recorded a praiseworthy name,
Where Cherubim chaunt aesthetical numbers,
But whose fame can equal the light of thy fame?

WE PARTED BY THE FOUNTAIN.

We parted by the fountain where
The lofty maples grow;
Their falling foliage filled the air
And flecked the stream below.

The waters by the whitened walls;
Bright glancing rolled away,
Thro' scenes this solitude recalls
Of many a fairer day.

And I must never meet thee more
This side the sullen grave;
Our grief extends beyond the shore
Of time's tumultuous wave.

I did not know, till thou wert dead,
How lonely life could be—
How dark the shadow that is shed
Across the unknown sea.

The sunniest flower that scents the air,
Bright on the dewy bough,
Is not more transiently fair,
Or beautiful, than thou.

The flowers are bent where thou did'st tread,
So recently, and fill
The air with scent ; but thou art dead,
Thy pulse forever still.

And oh ! we feel too much to weep
To know the time has come
That thou art in thy last long sleep,
"The slumber of the tomb."

Ye beams of beauty that have been
From lights celestial born,
Whilst passing skyward, may have seen
The spirit that we mourn.

Bright as the glowing star appears
In evening's spangled zone,
Whose tender influence comes and cheers
The shade around us thrown.

SWINE.

While to their lowly dome
The full-fed swine return with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to their several sties
With din, obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.

POPE'S ODESSEY.

Behold the hog! Who has not heard the praise
Of all the birds that sing, or beasts that graze?
Yet, strange neglect, we seldom hear a word
In praise of pork, or bacon, ham or lard.
Why should we show so much ingratitude
To those whose flesh is universal food?
Is this an ancient grudge remembered still
'Gainst Saten's refuge running down the hill?
Why blame our modern hogs for sins extinct?
Save in some few to our own species linked,
Some perpendicular porkers, men in shape,
Who meanly rush for every office gap,
Nerve-bent on gain—the power of grasping more—
With unremitting toil till life is o'er:
Employing arts would make even Satan blush,
And every pig of principle cry "tash!"
We live the life our lowly nature suits,
He who does less is beastlier than the brutes."
Since this same human does such singular things
We should not blame the hog but him who sings;

But truth will triumph, and it ever should,
As pounded glass will sparkle tho' in mud.
The hog shall have his due. Come lofty muse
Grant them the fame their fates so long refuse ;
Come sprightly visions ! Retribution come !
All things that sigh in song or blush in bloom.
The bullfrog croaking in the deep mill-dam,
Whose smothered thunders break the evening calm,
The cow-bell tinkling in the twilight shade ;
The wond'rous coloring on the landscape laid ;
The golden fruit, upon the green sward spread,
From fertile boughs, by fragrant breezes shed ;
The perfumed air, the rose-cloud high and still,
The stream bound vale, the lonely whip-poor-will,
Whose vespers vibrate down the visted aisles,
Where parting day on pensive evening smiles.
All shapes, and shades, of slighted swine, appear !
Each with his knife-docked tail, or half-slit ear,
Slow saunt'ring down the lane, with maddy heels,
To snuff the fragrance from the buck-wheat fields ;
Or carrying straw, before an autumn storm,
To keep thy cosy resting places warm ;
Or grunting, restless, round the stacks of straw,
When chilly winds are easterly and raw.
Come and confute your foes and let them see
Who is the most to blame themselves or thee.
Use arguments consistent with your wrongs,
Speak of pork-profit, and the cruel tongs
Wontenly heated to a white-heat glow

To singe the tail of Slick's immortal sow.*
Appeal to reason, and if none remains,
Appeal to appetite, there all have brains.
They come! they come! Ye gormands raise your eyes;
See double rows of sausages arise,
From ham and eggs the fragrant steam curls wavy—
From smashed potatoes waiting for the gravy.
Sweet saliva-exciting elixir
How you can make the hungry stomach stir.
Behold! the dough-nuts—many a boy can tell
How old St. Nicholas made his sock-heels swell;
Ye feast-supplying swine! if there should be
A famine we would learn to value thee.
Great commerce, scorning paltry views of cast,
Floats bacon loads along the "watery waste"
To dicker with for what is needed home,
Or to supply the sailors as they roam
Thro' far off isles in oriental seas,
Where bright flowers bloom in fadeless fragrances :
(Oh the fields! the fields, the sunny fields of spring,
Where all the day the birds and insects sing)
With richest store her barques re-cross the main
And sighing beauty learn's to smile again.
'Tis said, and truly, that our food contains,
The various properties of various brains—
Byron called bacon "amitory food"
Hence wond'rous influence for bad or good
However this may be, one thing is sure,

*See Slicks nature and human nature.

That to the "good and pure all things are pure."
Some hide-bound blunderers of a pur-blind school,
Who think th' *omniverous* animal man a fool,
Maintain the blest millennium soon would greet
This purse-mad world if man would eat no meat—
That earth would be quick-purged from all distress.
And brotherly love come by the first express :
Yet, they contend, with arguments refined,
"A healthy body makes a healthy mind"—
This last great truth life teaches every hour,
That temperance give us health and health gives power;
Hence gormand and self-starver both we blame
For health, and life, and temperance are the same.
No universal rule will suit all cases,
Our stomachs differ as our fates or faces.
'Tis not in eating part, or eating all,
Will purify our morals, heart or gall :
How meat makes mind no mortal known can tell,
And since we in such stupid ignorance dwell,
Even let it rest with our *uncertain* sins
'Till proved where pork-mind ends, or beef's begins.
And almost any creed a man can choose
Will leave his mind one-sided in its views.
Especially when looking at th' unblest
Who sin outside the sect that he loves best.
A moderate use of all things under heaven,
Is the best precept that the learned have given.
Not so the dram ; one univerisal curse
Sends its devotees to the lonesome hearse.

We leave the argument on reason's shelf—
Let every stomach civilize itself.
"Our health consists in temperance alone"
Which means, eat some of all, not all of one.
But Mr. Bull, Lord John, would suffer most
Keenly, deprived of his diurnal roast.
One beefless week would shade Great Britain's bloom
And probably blacken hist'ry years to come.
Their warriors could not fight, nor sailors sail—
All their internal mechanism fail—
But give them beef, half done, and I engage
Lord John will fold his arms and smile at Russian rage.
In every possible clime where food is found,
The hungry porkers graze or root the ground :
'Neath bowery banyan trees, or towery palms
Persistently he cultivates his hams :
As persevering and prolific still
As Scotia's sons, thriving in good or ill.
—But when the season wanes towards the fall,
Then comes the saddest, bloodiest sight of all :
The big fat barrow, in his sty of straw,
Must die—'tis life's inevitable law.
The long knife lets the life-blood from his breast,
Or the quick rifle gives his spirit rest ;
Sad fate but certain, let him rest in peace,
And let the big boys sop his bacon grease.
Hale lads, hard laboring in the Autumn air,
Require a huge amount of healthy fare ;
Else they will sally forth beneath the moon
To roast the corn, or slay the sly racoon.

—Now the same pots that boiled his nibs of corn,
His pea and pumpkin provender at morn,
Contains the boiling flood to scald his hair,
Ere from the scaffold hangs his bacon bare.
No more for him to root the flowery mead,
Nor come with up-curled narrative to feed.
No more to stand, the barn-yard bars outside,
Squealing for entrance at the eventide.
No more to husk the yellow corn for him
In fine October, when the days are dim,
Yet beautiful in haziness, and still,
And happy as a hungry swine at swill.

—Who has not seen, on Indian summer days,
A youthful party husking yellow maize ?
When golden Autumn comes with copious horn
To crown the furrows with abundant corn ;
When rosy Sol rolls eastern night away,
And pearly dew gleam in the early day ;
When heaps of pumpkins gild the yellow yard,
For future pies, with pasty made of lard ;
When thistle beards triumphant ride the breeze,
And golden sunbeams kindle golden trees ;
Then rosy, romping girls and boys agree
To help each other at the husking bee.
There Laughter, too, comes "holding both his sides"
And often thence are chosen future brides :
The joy quick-thrilling, and the general cheer,
When blushing beauty finds a ruby ear ;
The modest maiden hangs her head to find
The tender symbol, and her lover kind :

Slyly refusing that he should redeem
The forfeit-pledge, with many a stifled scream—
Pretended poutings over stolen kisses,
From make-believe-resisting rosy Misses.
Oh! early gladness! by whatever name
We call thee, thou art holier far than fame,
Or all the joys that visit us, in vain,
Among the passing years of hardening pain.

A SKETCH.

To W. H. M' E.

To gaze on the future from youth it appears
What the heart seldom finds it acquainted with years:
Youth longs for more days and age dreads to be old,
And each seems to each what they never behold.

If hope has selected the path we would go,
And fancy has added its exquisite glow;
Then all that can brighten youth's future is there
With a sumptuous supply for our friends, and to spare.

But it often turns out to be barren and chill
As the wind-driven sands on a frost-withered hill,
With a prospect so drear that the hours to come
Must wear the impression of shadow and gloom.

Then away with misfortune, let memory praise
The blue skies that canopied happier days,
The bird-chaunting meadows, meandering streams,
Resplendant in dew or the even-tide beams.

Those Eden-like landscapes I seem to behold,
And stray once again where we formerly strolled ;
And listen again, as we listened before,
To the sounds of delight by each billow-curved shore;

Where breeze-scenting hawthornes and alder-trees lave
Their leaves in the stream, with its cool glancing wave,
Where the breeze-bended pine, and the cedar trees bend
Their bows as a screen when the tempests descend :

Where the musical wild birds all cosily find
A secret retreat from the storm, if inclined ;
Where the hazel and grape clusters grow by the wall ;
And the glorious sun brightly shines over all.

When we sailed down the river that peacefully rolled
Thro' green-waving cornfields of russet and gold,
Towards the horizon of azure and green—
From the morning's first rays to the sun's setting scene.

Where evening comes forth on her pinions of light,
Reflecting her smiles on the forest's crowned height,
As if to reward them for rising above
The vale, where the shades of obscurity move ;

Then vanishes down to the gates of the west,
In clouds of vermillion all gorgeously dressed,

Like the blush of a farewell, too warmly expressed,
Disclosing some secret we rather would rest.

When we sailed down youth's time-stream "this prospect at last,"

We said "for its beauty was never surpassed ;"
But one gentle view with its june-deepened green
Was yet more delightful then all we had seen.

The snowy flocks grazed on the green shady hill ;
The little lambs leapt by the billowy rill ;
The wild deer came down from the forest to drink
And rest from their race by the brilliant brink.

The blush-tinted peach blossoms silently gave
Their scent to the air and themselves to the wave ;
But the scene to imagine, ah ! who would presume,
Or her who eclipsed all its beautiful bloom?

Or the quickening pleasure, amounting to pain,
That we felt not before and may never again,
When we saw from the river that peacefully glides,
The sunny retreat where Remembrance resides.

Oh ! the days of the childhood of Tirza were there,
And the holiest enjoyments a bosom can bear ;
Let wanderers enjoy all the future can give,
The earliest impressions are longest to live.

And hard is the heart that can coldly refuse
To gaze upon all that remembrance renews,

When the joys that *have been*, and far more than will be,
Delighted the days we shall never more see.

Tho' long since I saw them in memory I view
Those scenes rolling seasons but change to renew,
Where the wild winds of winter may wither in vain,
Since memory makes them all blossom again.

And time's shady change rolling year after year
But makes those impressions more vividly clear;
As the shades of a dark cloud rolled over the hill,
Makes a beautiful landscape more exquisite still.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

DEDICATED TO C. R. M.

At that calm season when September days
Sheds o'er the vales a vague empurpled haze,
When every leaf, and flower, and shrub, and tree,
Seem musing on their own dim destiny—
Their wondrous beauty, silently sublime,
Yielding to the strange influence of time:
In those green glades where living lustres tinge
The fruitful boughs, and transient splendours fringe
Each forest edge with golden light and shade,
What glory robes the forests when they fade.

Clothed in the flush of Autumn's pensive sere,
The mountain summits undefined appear ;
O'er whose broad sides the untamed Indian trod,
Free as the blasts round his unfixed abode,
Till pale-faced foes, with thirsty avarice fill'd,
In their brave breasts a baleful fire instill'd ;
Gave foul disease to Beauty, undefiled
Ere their embrace, and on the ruin smiled.
How fade the forest wanderers ! no more
Is seen the birch canoe upon our shore.

Their very graves are desecrated now ;
Their restless bones are broken by the plow ;
Their fields are furrowed, their wild fowl have flown,
Their deer dispersed, their ancient glory gone :
Save when the remnant of the race returns
To view the ruins of his fathers' urns.

No tombstone greets him, with its reverend grace,
No mossy mantle o'er their burial place,
Spread out by time to screen death's nakedness,
And make the grief to the beholder less.

The white man's village in his homestead stands,
The home of strangers spoils his hunting lands :
Upon the hills the halls of pomp appear ;
Sounds, strange to him, rise in the atmosphere.

Where rests his sable eye there meets its range
The cold reception of all cruel change ;
The stern assurance that the white man's might
Out-leaps his own ambition's darkened height ;
Nor this alone, his unsuspecting breast
Knew not the cunning of his pale-faced guest,

Until the serpent he essayed to warm
Had wrought its sable benefactor harm ;
Then soothed his fears with promises most fair,
Drugged him with draughts whose dreams produce
 despair;

Made glad his heart with artificial joy,
And bought his birth-right for a gilded toy.
With pretexts knavish, to produce his fall,
And, Jacob-like, take his possessions all.
Nor roused him till his foes were doubly strong—
Fit cause they gave him to resent his wrong.
How waked he from the dream ? alas ! to find
His race dispersed like "stubble" by the wind.
The dram-dream gone, remorse remained to goad
His roused up spirit in its downward road.
Surely those wilds could be redeemed from waste
Nor be by gain indelibly disgraced.
Ah ! where ever dawns in his dark breast
A patriot's hope, 'tis born to die unblest.

He of the bearing high and lofty form,
Keen Eagle glance, grand soul, and passions warm;
Unbroken spirit, agile natural grace,
A nation's ruin ! with no resting place.
Without a country, home, or christian heaven,
Unconquered, unsubdued, yet deathward driven :
With none to tell his story, none to sing
His loves, Ambitions, soul's long-suffering.
Say, who would blame them to retaliate ;
Torture their foes with fierce ungoverned hate ;
Maintain their homes till death, resent their fall,

Revenge their dead at their religion's call?
The shades of butchered brethren, sons and sires,
Demand revenge! revenge their rest requires;
Such is the creed their gore-stained fathers gave,
Who would not vindicate a parents grave?
For far, far less do christians curse with war
Enlightened lands, the savage does no more.
"True they had vices—such as nature's growth—
But only the barbarian's—we have both." *
Sneer at his savage superstition, ye
Whose christian [?] creeds teach more consistency.

PART SECOND.

—Returning from the north, some traders found
A roll of parchment near an Indian mound.
A wail of woe from some lone pris'ner wrung:
A song of sorrow by a captive sung.
And mingled with his musing there appears
Some memory haunter of departed years;
Some fancy dearer than all else, and yet
'Tis not the only reason of regret.
—When the heart mourns o'er what it loved in vain
And lonely memory seeks the past again;

*Byron's Island.

When "hope deferred" resigns its short-lived reign,
Of transient joys, to disappointment's pain ;
Ah ! when we find no happiness is found
In all the fancies that in youth abound ;
Then, quickly following, comes th' accursed crew
Of doubts, mistrusting even what is true.

—The traders, travelling to their journey's goal,
Gave to a fair-haired maid the foundling scroll,
Who read the record, seeming thence to gain
The mournful pleasure of a sacred pain.
As if a mem'ry woke of something dear,
And startled oft the still, reluctant tear—
Shed o'er a theme that with the heart began—
But thus the story of the wanderer ran :

—'Oh liberty ! the captive's choicest theme,
Brightest to those on whom thou wilt not beam,
Fairest among the altogether fair,
Hear once again, oh ! hear a captive's prayer.
Reach out thy hand, rob misery of his prey,
Enkindle in my heart hope's heaven-lit ray,
Or let me know, what hourly I dread,
If vain I plead, as I in vain have plead,
For lo ! the anguish of incertitude,
Darkens the spirit of the unsubdued ;
Round thy fair brow shall fame's green bay leaves twine
And many hearts shall love but none like mine.

—In this drear region where the frost has birth,
And winter prematurely pales the earth,
Where storms from out the cloud-caves of the north,
Gather new force, and ride triumphant forth,

To spend a life : with all the past out-spread—
Dark as the future—where young hopes lie dead.
Strewn like the withered leaves by autumn strewn,
More numerous than the stars about the moon.

Oh ! bitter contrast to the visions born
In my young fancy's future at life's morn.
Days of lost joys ! time cannot all devour
The passing perfume of the heart's first flower.

Just nature ! there are moments when our share
Of bliss out-tortures absolute despair;
Filling the unaccustomed nerves with joy,
So full, they cease their natural employ;
The spirit, thrilled with rapture so intense,
Sickens beneath its overburdening sense.

—Beloved and gone : how fair, how more than fair,
Was all that nature spread around thee there.
When last we parted by the vally road :
The fragrant breezes waved the wood-bound flood ;
The dewy fields were brilliant to behold,
Their fragrant foliage bathed in liquid gold.
The waters rolled the verdant hills between,
And birds with music gladdened all the green.
The pasturing herds in purple clover fed,
Or lowing, wandered thro' the waving mead ;
Where memory, oft forgetting to forget,
Still lingers with luxurious regret.

—The sun-lit west allured thy maiden gaze,
The purest ever turned to heaven in praise :
Mild as the evening shone thy pensive eye,
Full of the coloring of the wondrous sky ;

Like from the sky light emanated there—
Fair as the early morning-lilies are.
The glossy curls hung round thy sunny face,
Soft as low music's undulating grace.
We wandered stream-ward thro' the shady glade,
By hesitating joy, often delayed.
More light than Sol had ever shed before,
Illumed the leafy landscape's flowery floor.
A grove of elm-trees in the distance grew,
And heave their gothic branches to the blue ;
With twilight avenues between the trees,
All shades of green and every shape to please.
And where we met, and oft in memory meet,
A willow screened the exquisite retreat,
Whose leafy branches, when the winds came round,
Trailed their long tendrils o'er the dark green ground.
Upon the upland lingering lights delayed,
And little lambs and little children played ;
When we, a youthful glee-cemented band,
(The day gone by unconscious of time's sand)
To separate assembled, whilst on high
Evening arrived with an all gorgeous sky.

The Old Pine Canoe

You remember the days that have long ago faded
From hills that stand high in the sun's breezy
beams ;

The flower-spangled shore, by the cedar tree shaded,
And the bridge, where we fished in the many-
curved streams.

You remember the boat, turned all gray by the
weather,

That often we sailed in to where the grapes grew:
We climbed to the tops of the tall vines together,
And watched the waves cradle the old pine canoe.

You remember the days when we wand' red unfetter'd
Wherever our fancy or sports did incline ;
We hunted the walnuts the Autumn winds scattered,
Or gathered the wild grape and swung in the vine.
When the wind driven billows the boat nearly
stranded,

And over the water's the withered leaves flew,
You remember our joy when once more safely
landed,
Returned from the storm with the old pine canoe.

But where is the glory ambition projected
When gaily we roved o'er the water-bound scene?
Where now is the gladness that bright scene re-
flected,

Ah! where is the boat that we moored on the green?
The spirit of change has all silently taken
The charm that we loved from the objects we
knew ;

The beauty has fled, and our friends have forsaken
The scenes where we paddled the old pine canoe.

Never again will they come to rejoice us
When evening's first sunbeams repose on the hill ;
Never again will we hear their glad voices,
Save when the loved echoes of memory thrill.
If we gather once more all the grave has not
gathered
To join in the joys we were wont to pursue,
We could not forget all the sorrows that withered
The days since we sailed in the old pine canoe.

Farewell to the fair waving valley forever,
Farewell to the flowers that grew by the shore,
Farewell to the course of the blue-winding river,
Farewell to the scenes that can gladden no more.
The spring will return, and the season of roses,
The forest and valleys their verdure renew,
But the friends of those scenes that our memory
shows us
Have past down time's stream like the old pine
canoe.

Last days of happiness, tho' I have seen
Long years of loneliness extend between
This, and those home-joy hours beside the brook—
Abandoned for unmerited rebuke.
Ill-timed reproof full many a spirit mourns,
A hinge on which all future sorrow turns :
Words harshly spoken, when the heart is gay,
May be the cause of years of agony.
At night, ere Cynthia reached her cloud-screen'd height,
(All cautiously prepared for secret flight,)

I stealthy descended the old stair,
(How I remember hesitating there)
Slowly moved back the bar upon the door,
And turned towards the boat beside the shore ;
Returned, unlatched, and lingered at the gate,
Irresolutely dallying with dim fate :
Then, with the boat that had at even been
Moored by the margin of the ready green,
Sailed down the current where the moonlit stream,
Outspread in lonely distance, like a dream ;
Thro' all the night, beneath a mottled sky,
Till the shores faded—slowly passing by
Long horizontal waters gleams, and lakes,
And mossy logs decayed, in sedgy brakes .
And islands—scattered in obscurity,
Silent and secret as futurity.

Shoreward, among the rocks and reeds I rowed,
At that lone hour and clime for an abode
To rest from weariness : the rosy morn
Began to brighten, and dews adorn
The lofty branches of the leafy trees,
Hailed by all nature's harp of harmonies—
—Upon my sleepy senses seemed to float
Fair scenes and forms mixed with each wild-bird's note.
Sailing, in dreams, like clouds at parting day—
Anon it changed, the boat seemed past away ;
I strove for breath, and still the waves rose higher,
And the breath came not, as I did require—
Still struggling shoreward, 'woke, a prisoner made,
To some red rangers of the forest shade.

Their sullen leader scowled thro' many a scar,
And blood stained his associates in war.
All day we were secreted; not a sound
Was there allowed to break the stillness round.
No ripple on the river wave was heard;
By no light breezes were the billows stirred.
In moody stillness slow time moved away,
Till night arrived robed in his garb of gray.
—At that dim hour when shades begin to rise,
And mingle with the day's receding dies;
That hour the whip-poor-will resumes his lay,
The dusky wanderers trod their darkened way.
By still dense swamp-land paths, too soft to keep
Their feet from sinking in morasses deep;
Thro' lonely forests where the pine-tree rears
His lofty form, in venerable years.

—Anon, at night a furious storm arose,
'Roused us from rest and broke our brief repose.
Fierce glitt'ring flames of fork'd lightning flew
From cloud to cloud and gilt their dismal hue.
Great gloomy shades rose high on either hand,
Sheding thick darkness o'er the lurid land.
The midnight thunder's sullen echoes boom
Above the groaning tempest's boundless gloom.
On rushing whirlwinds heaving cloud-waves ride,
And surging forests bowed their stately pride.
Gaunt ancient pines against each other ground,
Shrieking like pain o'er some life-blighting wound;
Their lofty foliage, scathed in ages gone,
Ignited, and the flag-like flames that shone,

Illumed a little shade : with many a bough,
And shivered tree, the quickened elements strew
The midnight conflict—transiently illumed,
Till heaven and earth seem fired, again engloomed
In blacker blackness than the gloomy grave—
In surging shades contending tempests rave.

Anon 'tis past; a sullen lurid glare
Marking its journey thro' the murky air.
Dismal and far the light-lit distance frowned,
And sullenly receding thunders sound ;
Thro' mingling clouds contending lightnings fly,
O'er the grand scenery of the gloomy sky.

Again the heavens were changed, and all the scene
Transformed itself in beauty most serene ;
Mountains of pearl, and cinnabar, and gold,
And amethyst, with many a floating fold
Around their rugged forms ; while Cynthia made
A moving sheen of every tint and shade.
Morning arrived at last, all blushing red,
Azure and crimson-tinted : clouds were spread
O'er all the orient atmosphere, enrolled
In splendor, like the Charioteers of old,
Who rode before their king—the dewy spray,
Like golden rain, made every bough look gay,
With rosy lights ; the sunbeams' heavenly hues
Lit every leaf and brilliant bough of dews.
The very air rejoiced; wild birds did sing
No more at rest, but, out upon the wing,
Poured forth their songs of gladness, full and free,
In every varied tone of melody.

All nature seemed to live ; each distant hill,
Tinged with new sunbeams, grew more gorgeous till
They seemed one glittering sea of green and gold,
With moving lights and shades around them rolled.
Glorious as if Elysium's gates were thrown
Spaciously open—so much lustre shone
O'er all the landscape—fitting it to be
The birth-place of an Immortality.
We wandered westward thro' untrodden wilds,
By pathless portages and dark defiles.
And lo ! at last, when journeyed to the still
Green summit of a cedar-shaded hill,
There spread a shimmering landscape far below,
Bathed in effulgent noontide, all aglow.
Far o'er the waters, from their wigwams 'rose
Th' encampment-smoke of most inveterate foes.

—When from the hills towards the east, the shade
A deeper greenness on the landscape laid,
An Indian maiden, in her bark canoe,
Came o'er the waters of the sunset hue.
A path of light her wake appeared to be ;
Around her danced the waves admiringly—
Brief was her gladness as a lover's dream—
A swallow's shadow o'er a sunlit stream :
A shadow deeper than departing day
Came o'er the warriors as they watched their prey :
Appeased revenge illumed their leader's face
When she was bound a captive to his race.
How strange that fate should send the maiden there,
To sacrifice to slavery one so fair.

Are not some persons chosen from the rest
To be earth-tortured or supremely blest ?
Does not the pages of the past explain
That some are chosen o'er the rest to reign ?
Fate *may* accord with our capacity
To bear, to rule, resist, or to foresee.
Youth trusts the bark, but hope will wreck the crew—
The same effect by causes ever new.

Soon as the boat and bark canoe were manned,
All silently at night we left the land.
Cohorts of clouds, lit by the moon and mars,
Seemed sailing thro'an atmosphere of stars;
High in the west the rocky coast upreared,
Or gently sloping to the shore appeared:
The dark, deep forest, dressed in gloomy green,
Sometimes reflected and anon unseen;
The tall pine plumes, tossed in the moon's pale beams,
Made shifting shades on shimmering water-gleams:
Like the dim out-lines of a strange old tale,
By superstition told to childhood pale.
The Indian maiden's silence sullen seemed,
A mute defiance from her dark eyes gleamed.
A sound was heard along the shore of shade;
An Indian warrior sought his sable maid
By their old trysting, at the twilight hour,
Nor found her in the boat nor in their bower,
Gave speedy chase, by passion's power made strong;
Impetuously impelled his boat along;
With all the rage of rapture turn'd to wrath
When love perceives a rival in his path ;

But when the number of his foes he spied
Row'd back for aid to gain his sable bride.
Ere morn rolled back night's mists, in swift canoes,
Th' allied Algonquins, and the stately Sioux,
Approached and passed in silence, to oppose
The farther progress of our coming foes;
And hiding in a maple-shaded cape
Drove back the few who did not death escape.
—A sunny sabbath lit the leafy hills,
The verdent shore and tributary rills,
When we arrived among the sable band—
The lonely dwellers in a forest land.
A stately warrior, scared, and eagle-plumed,
Their chosen chief, the sole command assumed;
"Dark were his brows, and gloomy to the sight
Like clouds, his eyes like meteors of the night."

PART THIRD.

Five years, with all their seasons, rolled away—
With all their changes in the past to stay;
Their summer robes in leafless forests lie
Neath winter's ice-bound streams and stormful sky.
—An exiled wanderer dwelt those wilds among
The victim of remorse, or self-wrought wrong :
An alienated out-cast, lone and drear,
Hated and shuned by those esteemed most dear.
"His early dreams of good out-stripped the truth
And troubled manhood followed baffled youth,"
Kind, joyous, gentle, sullen or morose,

Silent or moody as if all were foes,
The cureless victim of a strange distress,
Laughing the laugh that is not happiness.
Sad songs, and such soliloquies as Crime
Holds with his sons, mixed with the mournful rhyme;
Of baffled love, that ever-fruitful theme,
The blight or bliss of many a Beauty's dream—
Composed the musings of his "busy brain";
Torn by fierce torture, or excessive pain.
Not late in years, yet schooled in life's rough ways—
His gloomy glee was like the lightning's blaze—
Yet on his brow a noble calmness shone;
Resigned regret—ambition's vacant thrown.
And oft when musing on some early wrong
'Twould melt his soul to melancholy song;
And in such moments, when his soul was wrung,
These were his themes, and those the songs he sung.

SONG.

'To feel the mock pleasure the hopeless must feel,
And the folly that follows despair,
To force hypocritical smiles to conceal
The madness that misery must bear.

To laugh when the scowl of adversity's gloom
Makes the effort a sickening glee;
To pass the quick jest that does scarcely illumine,
Ere it leaves the way darker to thee.

To bear life from torture to torture unblest
When health, hopes, and energies fail;

To view all the future forever o'er cast
By the clouds of adversity's gale.

To find all the future a burdensome blight,
Like a withered tree blasted and sere;
To curse the remembrance that forces to light
The picture of all that *was* dear.

To see the bright tints of hope's brilliant sun,
Despelled ere the morning is o'er,
To feel the cold void of affection undone;
And its promise remembered no more.

To gaze on all those, with the strength to endure
Fate's darkness to come, be my boast;
With nothing to wring from the future to cure,
Or compensate all they have cost.

Yet, could I set my stricken spirit free,
And break those bonds that bind my breast to thee,
I would not; time has sanctified the power,
Tho' his rough hand razed many an airy tower :
There must be shades wherever objects shine,
The darkest shadow has a cause divine.
The whitest cloud e'er moved o'er mirror-lakes
Both a reflection and a shadow makes :
The sun of heaven, who paints the summer green,
First sheds the light by which his shades are seen.
Those gorgeous tints that make the clouds so gay,
At eventide, will waste the clouds away.
Strange strength ! but let it pass, I must not now

Linger with retrospection, for a vow,
An early broken vow, comes back again,
And with fresh recollection brings fresh pain

SONG.

I thought when I beheld thee smile,
That thou, at least, wert kind to me ;
And that presumption did beguile
Some shadows from my memory :
And, oh ! I pondered on that thought,
And hoarded up the pleasing thrill,
And shudder now, that all is naught,
Tho' thou art fair, and living still ;
But what is bitterer I must be
Far, far, my bosom's choice, from thee.

Alone, or in the multitude
That throngs the street, or crowds the hall,
Does living memory intrude,
To dash its darkness over all.
Oh ! how the human heart can ache,
When strength and tenderness combine,
When forced forever to forsake
The all that it esteemed divine :
Thro' torturing time dragged on to see
Changes come over thine and thee

And time will drag each dreary day,
And change for changes will give room,

And gaudy nature will array
The landscape in the summer bloom :
And, oh! how soon the silent tomb,
The gloomy, cold, corroding grave,
To which we hasten, may consume
The tenderest feelings that can live
Within the breast—but will it be
An end of all those thoughts of thee?

Yet do not let my dreary soul
Disturb thy gentle bosom's rest ;
But let it pass, as shades that roll
Across the evanescent west :
For tho' my song is like the wave
That murmurs when the wreck is o'er,
And sounds like clods upon the grave
Of one we may behold no more ;
It is beyond my wish to be
A shadow on a thought of thee.

Adieu, my dearest friend, adieu,
Since every hope is faded now,
Even the soil whereon they grew,
Is furrowed by misfortune's plow.
Farewell, oh ! fare thee well, and may
Thy bosom find that perfect joy
That I have sought along life's way,
But never found without alloy ;
And may thy spirit never be
Forced back as mine has been from thee.

In life's frail bark upon time's boisterous wave,
Where rising storms and rolling tempests rave.
But, if in time I ever should behold
Dreams realized that I have seen foretold ;
If that dim vista that afar appears
To wind obscurely thro' the unseen years,
Should be made plain, and foes should therein find
A record of those visions of the mind
That first allured me, then they there may see
Those faults were not all to be charged to me.

And those who should have shown some sympathy
Should such time come, will screen themselves, and say,
'They thought because of my low occupation—
That I would never raise from out the station,
Where fate saw fit to place my lowly birth.'—
I own it seemed most dubious, so much dearth,
Such weariness, such wretchedness, such vain
Attempts to baffle even bosom-pain,
That hope seemed life's last morsel, by despair
Begrudgingly doled out to nourish care.
And those who smiled to see it, would be pleased
But little should they see my soul released.

One wretch seemed gladdened, with a joy divine,
When mildew, blight, and agony were mine.
He tried deception, and succeeded well,
But fortune changed, and on his spirit fell
The bosom blighting, Bohun Upas breath,
Which he would blight with, withering his path.
His life is now a weary burden grown
With scarcely strength to keep it lingering on.

But if revenge is, as some poets tell,
The sweetest morsel ever stewed in hell,
I shall fare sumptuously, with some to spare ;
But 'tis a luxury I scorn to share.
—In expectation's paths I wandered long,
Lingering, anon, to let some little song
Allure from present pain ; and I have found
All that I sought not, thickly strewn around :
Even the bark that bore my bliss away
Beyond Golgotha, where the shadows lay
Upon time's shore, whose dusky tombstones saith,
'Th' indefinite intelligence of death
Is all that here is known,' even there I've traced
Part of the wreck that blighted hopes defaced.
Then passion threw its agonizing throes
Across my soul, with all its withering woes.
O'er life's swift stream a furious storm careered,
Wild rose the wind, and winged lightnings sere ;
The shafts of light showed more of ruin there
Than dwells within the boundry of despair.
Then came the calm ; oh ! how it does increase
The spirit's aching mockery of peace,
When fate lets just enough of hope remain
To show us what shall never be again.

SONG.

Where shall I turn those thoughts that yearn
For something brighter than has been ?
I cannot make the future take

A fairer aspect than that scene ;
That sullen coast, where all was lost,
'Midst clouds that intercept the sun,
The quickening powers of happier hours,
Gone from me and forever gone.

The heavens shone clear when thou wert near,
Young splendor, but those days were few,
And vanished far within times car,
From all save retrospection's view :
If that would fade, as hope decayed,
Or vanish with all bye-gone bliss,
I could o'ercome this sullen gloom,
Or meet it with more manliness.

Tho' all is lost that once engross'd
My aesthetic ecstasy ;
Tho' all deceived whom I believed
In thought and word from day to day ;
Tho' that is past which could have cast
A healthier aspect over all
Life's coming days, and in its place
Hangs disappointment's dreary pall.

But to behold the past unroll'd,
In the perfection of its power,
Destroys the bliss I might possess,
In this, or in a future hour.
But fare thee well ! we must not dwell
Amid the blighting gloom of grief,
The change that comes may be the tomb's—
I only hope it may be brief.

When waning summer wove a fainter ray,
The youth grew pale in death and passed away.
He sleeps beneath the pine—the waves sound near—
The birds sing there, and purple flowers appear.
—The brave strive long ere suffering can destroy,
Yet many a heart is left without its joy.
How vain the effort to describe despair;
None know, till they have borne, what they can bear.
The lofty souled, and sensitive, are born
To greatest gladness, or more deeply mourn
Than vulgar brains can comprehend, or feel,
And this lone knowledge leads them to conceal
Their nature from gross souls, who disapprove
All deeper thoughts than their mean bosoms move;
Some gems in each heart's casket there should be
Enshrined forever in its secrecy.
And yet to hide the sympathies too deep
Will wither them beyond the power to weep;
The seed, when planted deeper than the ray
Of Sol to warm, will silently decay.
Those whisperings of the heart that crave the ear
Must be obeyed, or sorrow's hosts will sere.
And oft the mind, however strong to bear,
Or to resist, may be diseased by care;
Be rude yet tender, proud, and unsubdued
By all save passion, care, or sorrow's brood.
—The tears of manhood are not easy shed:
Their silent agony the sternest dread,
When forced by pain, to turn and gaze away
From scenes seen dimly thro' their misty spray;

Far o'er the past full many a wreck appears,
In realms of wretchedness and ruined years.
—When mild September came and gilded o'er
The fading leaves, and sere'd the landscape's floor,
An aged Chief and Indian maiden came
In search of one whose name she would not name.
Hers the wild beauty of a vanished race,
The full perfection of all maiden grace.
She journeyed, graceful, by the Chieftain's side—
Tall thro' long years arose his form of pride.
"Whence are thy footsteps, Many Years, art thou
For war or peace, peace sits upon thy brow?"
"We come in peace," the aged chief replied,
"The Minto* led us where thy waters glide.
My race is scattered like the thistle's beard,
The valor of my arm hath disappeared—
The Eagle found the robins young at rest,
And stole the tender nestlings from their nest.
Until I join in my new hunting joys
Their eyes shall ne'er behold mine aged eyes.
My feet refuse the chase for this my child—
The sweetest flower that blooms is soonest soiled;
The only portion of my race remains
In her free spirit, and my aged veins.
Storms soon will cease thro' my thin locks to rave,
Earth will not long refuse my griefs a grave."
"Thy child shall be even as my father's child,"
Were Wolf† replied—tall ruler of the wild.

*Great Spirit. †Algonquin Chief.

"Our homes are thine, chief of the years of yore,
Till thou art shaded by death's dusky door."
—They dwelt apart—yet oft would Sweet Voice* come
To learn the wonders of their southern home ;
Oft her dark eyes would leave the wampum belt,
For Were Wolf wrought, and on Zecana† melt.
One eve, midst Indian summer's silver beams,
Zecana fished beside the bending streams ;
The mellow twilight's crimson, cloudy, train
Moved its vast glory o'er the gaudy plain.
The wandering chief, perceiving her alone,
Upon the margin of a broad white stone,
Came slowly from the water-skirted wild
Towards the silent maiden, lone and mild.
And lowly spake—"Light of my spirit's day,
Thy beauty robs the otter of his pray.
The water dwellers do not rest secure
From the enticement of Zecana's lure—
Thy father's friend, who scorns the captor's wiles;
Becomes a captive to Zecana's smiles :
The hills that move not in the whirling storm
Grow greener when the sun is glancing warm :
But turn thee not away, I do not know,
When thou art gone, the path that I shall go."
"The little squirrel will oft forget" she said,
"The place wherein its sweetest stores are laid.
Go to the wigwam of thy heart's first choice ;
Make glad the pensive music of Sweet Voice ;

*The Algonquin Chief's first love.

†Southern bird—daughter of Many Years.

Soft is her sighing, as the wave that flows,
Her cheeks are changing like the fading rose :
I looked into her eyes and saw thee there,
As with her quills she trims thy mantle rare."

—"At morn," he said, "the moon forgets to gleam ;
Mine eyes are dazzled with a brighter beam.
The Minto made Zecana very grand ;
My heart will never rest without thy hand.
Thou art a maid, thy sire may shortly die,
My camp is lone, the shadows fill the sky,
The flowers all fade, the wintry storms are near,
Thou art alone, with none to slay thy deer :
Sweet Voice is like a star that cannot stay
Before the brightness of a morning ray.
The Minto formed thee graceful as the deer—
Life will be lonely if thou art not near."

Like the departing sun before a cloud,
Zecana's eyes grew dark, her aspect proud.
—"Tis well my father's tribe," the maid replied,
"All learned to use the bow, to hunt and ride ;
My heart is thankful to my father's friend
For all the kindness that his hands extend.
Soon as the Minto calls my sire away,
My lonely feet must from thy deer-ground stray :
And long as streams give fish, or forests give
The stately deer, Zecana's days shall live ;
For know, her love is in another land—
She feels the pressure of a far off hand."
—"Bird of the sun, thine ire is misapplied,
My spirit sought thee for a warrior's bride ;

Thy feet are free to come or go, but stay,
Light of the future, turn thee not away.
Thy slightest wish command my braves to do,
But Were Wolf scorns unwilling love to woo."
"I thank thee for thy love," Zecana said,
And wended campward as the pathway led.
The Chieftain followed, to his own abode ;
Within his lonely heart a heavy load.
Towards the centre of the village burned
The council fire, to which his footsteps turned.
His warriors saw the gloom upon his brow
And smoked in silence, in a circling row.
The raven winged his way towards the west,
To his high home in some lone pine's dark crest.
Slow sails the dun clouds thro' the darkling sky,
Unlit by star or moon, the low winds sigh
Among the lofty pine tree's shady boughs,
And sullenly the sunless water flows ;
The song of the cricket is lone in the shade,
And sullen the sound by the night owl made.
At length he rose, assumed his bow and spear,
His stately form th' antipodes of fear,
Out-stretched his hand towards Zecana's hut,
And said, "let none among my warriors shut
His hand against the strangers, let them see
Our hearts are open and our hills are free.
And when Zecana's feet pursue the deer
Along the mountain side, or river clear,
Drive down the herd towards her path, and stay
Thine arrows from the game that she may slay.

And now the time arrives that we must go
To hunt the deer before the falling snow ;
Be all prepared." Two moons move slow away,
And yet the hunters find no deer to slay.
And famine came, all ghastly, gaunt and grim ;
Strong men grew weak, their hollow eyes grew dim.
Old men contended with their sons for food ;
And mothers thirsted for their infant's blood.
The north poured out its storms, and blighting breath,
Till little in the land was left but death.
Day after day grew dim and disappeared :
Yet not a cloud from the horizon cleared ;
A furious storm, surpassing all gone by,
Drove downward thro' the midnight-blackened sky.
Yet o'er the storm a furious yell arose—
The captive maiden's friends burst on her foes,
And all that makes men fiendish in war's arts,
Burned in their blood and deathward drove their darts;
Until the scalping-knives, and spears—grown red
In many a hungry heart and hoary head—
Clave to their hands with gore : it would have been
A feast for fiends infernal to have seen.
How the storm howled above the yells of war !
Anon death's shrieks rose on the tempest's roar.
The Chief with his faint few had gone for game,
And came not back again when evening came.
From far the hunters saw their homes on fire ;
O'er hunger's pangs arose their savage ire ;
Urged by their Chief who quickly gave command ;
"The foe is in our home with fire and brand—

Drive down my braves, like tempests, unconfined—
Strong as the storm and rapid as the wind :
Spread desolation thro' the coward throng;
Let not one breath their hateful lives prolong."

They join the strife—their tortured, towery forms
Swayed back their foes like leaves before the storms :
A sullen scene of mingled grief and gore,
Famine, and fire, and storm, and night, and war.
And with them came a stranger, tall and sad,
He whom Zecana mourned so long as dead:
Among the shades she heard her warrior speak—
How rushed the blood from her sad olive cheek !
Love's unexpected thrill—th' enraptur'd start
Of hope new-driven into her lonely heart—
Came with the sweet assurance that the pain
Of all his wounds would soon be healed again,
And thrill'd his soul, so seeming cold till now,
With that strong joy stern natures only know.
Were Wolf beheld their happiness with pain,
And turned away to multiply the slain.

"Zecana!" feebly spake her father's breath—
All feebly trembling on the verge of death—
"Lone Moon Beam! thou art saved, and I shall be
Blest in the land awaiting thee and me:
Let him who sought for thee in faded years ;
Whose heart has never been the home of fears ;
Be thy protection in the moons to come,
For Many Years fades into fairer bloom."
"Thou shalt not sink, my sire, in dreamless sleep,
This wound is only of the flesh, nor deep."

"The foe use poisoned arrow-points," replied
The waning voice of Many Years, and died ;—
All mildly passing from her arms away,
As rosy Sol rolled up the eastern day.

The sable youth, to sooth her grief,
Related tales of parted years ;—
His life in many a lonely land,
And thus regaled her listening ears :

"That time I left thee by thy home,
To hunt the western mountains o'er,
My single strength was overcome
By foes upon a far off shore.
When sleeping, wearied with the chase,
They stole upon my resting place ;
They tied their prisoner to a stake,
And with hot pincers tore his flesh ;
And from the torture-quicken'd wounds,
The red blood rippled down afresh.
They scarce could tell that I did live,
So stubbornly I bore my wrongs,
Save when some fibre would not give
To the terrible tug of the red-hot tongs.
When they forced me to gnaw at the burning brands,
I said, ' ye are women—to a captive foe
Ye can give no torture—unloosen my bands,
And the deadliest of pains ye shall shortly know :
Bring a gun-barrel, heated all red at the breach,
And a lesson in death I shall willingly teach.'*

* This feat is related by a young warrior who was taken captive by the Pawnees.

They granted my wish, 'twas so strange and new,—
Then I sprang on my foes, and the foremost slew ;
I leap'd in the stream, from the host by the stake,
Whilst the arrows flew round me like hail in the lake,
Up the opposite shore—thro' the forest, away,—
And they followed my trail till the close of the day ;
They built them a fire in the still forest land,

To rest and to sleep, from the wearisome chase ;—
What sound has awakened that sleeping band ?

'Twas a fierce foe approaching their resting place.
But they saw him not ; and a night-owl's song

He made, to allure them to sleep on the heath,
Then sprang on their rest, like the lightning's prong,
And they passed from life's sleep to the sleep of death.

Their scalps were all gathered, and onward I trod
To the home of my fathers'—Zecana's abode.

But our homes were all burned, and their ashes were
blown

By the winds where the smouldering brands were
thrown,

And the bones of the lovely were broken and strewn,
For the wild wolf to gnaw 'neath the midnight moon.

Then I swore by the shade of my fathers to be
Revenged on my foes for their murders, and thee.
Now my bosom is calm, for I know that my vow
Is redeemed in the land where the red men go.

I will make thee a home where the white clouds make
Their azure paths o'er the azure lake ;—

Where the southern summers bloom gay in the sun,
And the moon shines bright when the day is done.

'Twill be of the scented cedar-wood,
Secure from storms, and richly lined
With the glory hues of the humming bird,—
With the fox and otter furs combined.
And the light of unseen spirits' wings,
Shall guard all sorrows from thy path,
And teach thee to avoid what brings
To the red man the shade of the Minto's wrath.

The fawn, and the fish, and the dun-colored deer,
The robe of the bison, the fur of the bear ;
All the streams and prairies have scattered around,
Or a hunter can find, for thy sake shall be found.
When the snow-moons arrive, with the obscure days,
We will brighten our home with the cedar-wood blaze ;
And the sound of the tempest that surges along,
Shall sing us asleep with its sullen song."

She replied: "In thy pathway my footsteps shall tread ;
If thou hast not a home, I will pillow thy head ;
Of the wild bird's feathers thy bed shall be,
And my heart shall find rest even watching by thee ;
I will work thee a robe with the porcupine's quills,
Of the skin of the fawn from the far away hills."

When the spring-time arrived, with its sweetness serene,
The flush of its flowers and its garlands of green ;
A white birch canoe they unmoored from the shore,
And sailed o'er the lake, and I saw them no more.

PART FOURTH.

"It is a glorious sight to see
What heaven hath done for this delicious land."

Again October's wondrous season wore
Rose-tinted leaves along each shady shore ;
And all the landscape round the leaf-strewn streams
Glowed gorgeous in the sun's descending beams,
Whose mystic lights gleamed down the forest aisles,
Gladdened the vales, and on the summits smiles ;
And dimly distant, where the day-beams closed
On the horizon, rosy clouds reposed—
Pale at the zenith, purple, azure, dun,
Gold and vermillion, round the glowing sun—
Till hands of angels changed each heavenly hue,
And wreaths of living cloud-flames rolled in view.
Are not such moments to some mortals given,
When leaving earth, to be conveyed to heaven ?
Lightly upborne on clouds of molten gold,
To be in heaven's triumphant ranks enrolled ?
May such the portion of thy spirit be,
When passing to that world prepared for thee.

Against the western horizontal light
A form appeared, slow winding down the height,
Who frequent paused, to view the scene below,
Reflecting back the sun's descending glow ;
Lingering in rapture to behold once more
All that was dearer than in days of yore.
There stood his home beside the bending stream,
The white-walled home of many a far off dream,

When life's lone paths grew desolate and cold,
And no one sympathised, and none consoled.
Along the valley of the village green
A river rolled, the verdant hills between ;
The wild weeds bending as the waves pursue
Their peaceful way, and disappear from view
In glowing groves, whose graceful, tinted boughs
Bend to the water that beneath them flows,
And fleck the green-sward with strange mystic gleams
Of the departing day's cerulean beams.

No sound arose upon the evening breeze,
Filled with the fragrance of the fading trees ;
Morn's living harp of song all hushed and still,
As rapture pausing o'er a new-born thrill.

The gray road wound around the verdant hills,
Along the bridge-spanned stream and ridgy rills,
By many a nook and green, embayed alcove,
Where youth converse on themes they most approve ;
Where friends are changed to more than friends ; where
The crimson clusters in the dazzling dew. [grew

Slowly descending by the dusky road
He stood before his childhood's changed abode.
But, lo ! upon the walls and stepping stone,
Time's mantle of green moss was thickly thrown ;
The willow was uprooted by the wind
'Neath which he played in days to time resigned,
And time's companion, change. Oh, Change ! what pain
Thy foot-prints leave upon the breast and brain
Of those who do not watch thy quick career,
Thy desolation of all ties most dear.

In yearning to return, our heart forgets
It never can behold all its regrets.
In his forsaken home the wanderer found
Old mossy ruins—silence most profound.
All that had once conduced to make it home
Had passed away; naught left to grace the gloom
Of lonesome desolation; to his calls
None answered, save the echoes from the walls,
In mockery of misery; still and lone
He stood, 'midst scenes of blighted bliss, unknown.
Remorseful memory woke—he turned away
To leave the wreck to Time's thick-robed decay—
Regardless of his course—all now was past—
There was no hope to wreck, no bliss to blast.

A sound, pulse-quickenning, rolled along the air;
A song familiar as the face of care
To his tried soul; a well-remembered tune,
Shedding strange light o'er all that past too soon;
And, turning from the dusty road, to hear
The tender music on the twilight air,
He leaned upon a vine-clad window bower,
Entranc'd by music's most mysterious power.
How quick a tone can thrill the heart, or shake
The strong or weak. Anon the stranger spake:
"Oh! sing that song once more, if thou wouldst save
A soul, forsaken even by the grave;—
Once more, once more!" She turned, continuing still,
And saw him standing by the window-sill,
Pale, weary, careworn, sorrowful, oppressed,
As one whose views can nevermore be blessed;

THE CANADIAN LYRE.

The tearless victim of the soul's despair,
When all life's sorrows seem concenter'd there ;
And from the record of the captive's lays
She sang the song of scenes of other days.*

Soon as the strain was stilled, and luna's rays
Spread o'er the vales a pale, uncertain haze,
The maiden minstrel came with the request
That the pale stranger should partake of rest ;
By kindness urged, yet curious to see
Who he, who made the strange request, could be.
Quick as she spake he knew the tender voice,
The thrilling tones of his young heart's first choice.
Back from despair to happiness was hurled
The heart that lately wished to leave the world,
And danced delighted in the breast of joy
So lately lingering on in agony.
We cannot now describe (nor is it best)
The meeting : let the reader paint the rest.

* See page 61.

TIME.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO F. J. GRENNEY, BRANTFORD.

F riend, in those days when fancy seemed to rain
R oses along life's road, but just begun ;
A h! when the future promised to contain
N o purpose but to manufacture fun,
K een was our relish for each youthful glee—
G ems in hope's glittering casket *yet to be*.
R ich joys of youth how much we must forego
E re we can learn to value thee aright ;
N o later storms can form so fair a bow,
N or does fond faith brave disappointment's blight,
E xcept in dreams ; but friend unchanged, I pray
Y ou to receive my unassuming lay.

My uncouth harp awake, and let thy tones
Revive once more the meditative strain ;
Around is many a theme, and let the zones
Of our remembrance vegetate again ;
Altho' the fruit is bitter, still it loans
A passing antidote 'or present pain,
A warning to the clay-clogged, undefined,
Illimitable, ever-craving mind.

Again the sun rolls down the verge of heaven,
With the last glory of the by-gone year,
Bearing time onward. Lo! what hosts have striven
In vain for hope to gladden its career ;

'Tis gone and to its chronicles is given
The world's progression retrograde and sere,
With all that cheers or chills to that dim clime
Where every doubting ends ; but where, oh ! Time.

Where is the centre of thy vast dominions,
The storehouse of the years that roll away,
Beneath the shadow of thy waving pinions,
From those who fain would bribe thee to delay !
Where dost thou mark the moments of earth's minions,
Who pass from thee towards the fading day !
Thou Alpha and Omega of sublime—
Thou stern avenger of each hidden crime.

Thou rearest thy shadows on the western hills,
When night descends upon his dusky throne ;
Thou knowest the number of our pulse when still,
And silently in sleep thy streams have flown ;
Thou rollest heaven's systems onward to fulfil
Their destinies ; their days are thine alone ;
Thou hast the tally of the tides, and lo !
Thou knowest the number of the stars that glow.

And yet earth's loftiest intellects are lost
In the far windings of thine airy halls,
Beyond those regions where the starry host
Or comet's orb'd immensity appals
The soul, whilst searching for that mystic coast
Where all must hasten when death's trumpet calls
The spirit from its crumbling clay to cleave
The boundlessness of space, and this scene leave.

If death should dazzle the delighted soul—
If there does burst upon its cloudless view
All knowledge, and the cause that makes the whole
Harmonious hosts of heavenly lights pursue
Their orbit-spheres symphonious, as they roll
Their anthems on the undulating blue;
If pains and doubtings cease, oh ! Death, with thee,
Then haste thee, Time, towards Eternity :

Roll onward, then, in thy full-orbed careers,
Roll on o'er death and destiny elate,
Roll onward with the music of the spheres,
Roll onward with the beautiful and great ;
Make thy stern way-marks the cold sepulchres
Of those who falsely rule, then yield to fate
Reluctantly, and sullenly obey
The dreary mandate of thy sickle's sway.

The year has gone and all the midnight bells
Sound out upon earth's listening solitude,
And every peal reverb'rating impells
Our thoughts, like passions in the youthful blood,
Thrilling as love. Far o'er the landscape dells,
Where summer lately dwelt among the wood,
Resounds the new year's welcome, as it rings
Speaking of seasons vanished, and of springs,

Until the year revolves again, when, lo !
June's transient blooms will gleam all brightly here,
Continuing the panoramic show
From earth's first hour to its millennial year,



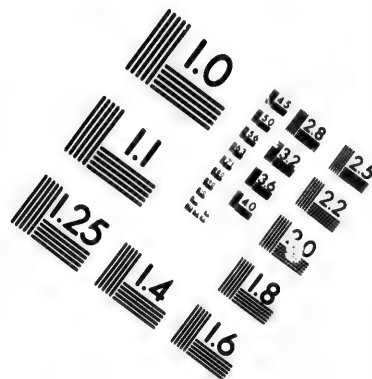
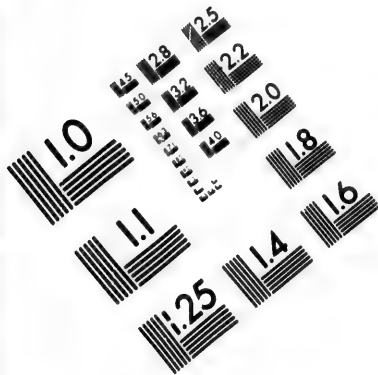
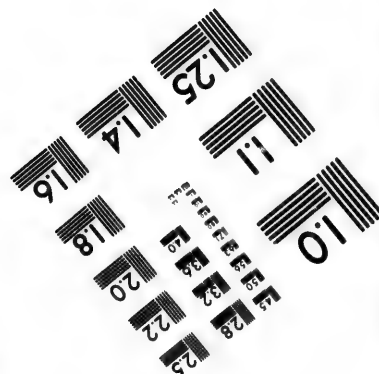
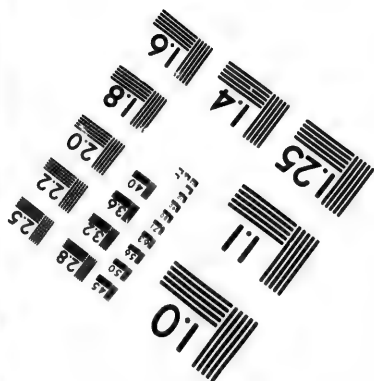
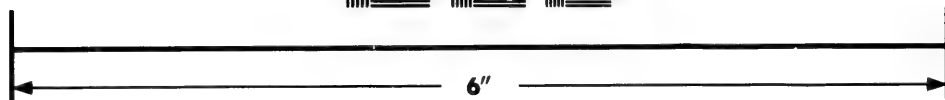
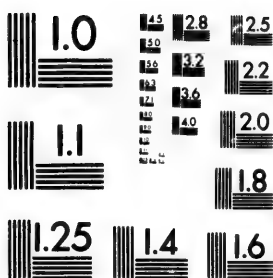


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As faithfully as the "unerring bow"

Follows the storm the summer will the sere ;
For the gnat's wing and the wild comet's glare,
Are hinged by the same hand's creative care.

But ere that revolution there may spring,

Blighting, or change, or death's dumb destiny
On us, or those around us, which will fling
A different aspect on what is to be ;
Borne onward by Time's all-triumphant wing
Towards the land where lies the mystery,
The shrouded secret only to become
Unrolled to us on entering the tomb.

But the dim boundary of our short-lived view—

Perverted knowledge, passion, pain, excess—
Wreck reason till it scarce receives one true
Impression of what heaven intends to bless,
Of all things that surround us, from the blue
Etherial atmosphere, the gaudy dress,
Of perfect nature, or diseased opinions,
Which emanate from reason's cramped dominions.

So move we on and murmur, as a wheel

Grating its gudgeons, every turn a groan ;
Each heart the cause of its own woe or weal,
In some pet madness that it will not own ;
How piteous to contemplate, yet conceal,
The cancer that consumes us, bearing on
With perseverance angels might applaud,
If so much zeal was not for some false god.

We turn from Wisdom's way to some fair flower,
Then gaze delirious ; lo ! all life seems changed,
Like drooping nature by a noontide shower,
So bright we deem it ne'er to be deranged ;
But let the false lights leave temptation's bower,
And the sick heart, to all save pain estranged,
Shrinks shuddering back upon itself to feed,
And life grows chill when cherished joys recede.

To see the future's fading happiness,
And gaze upon the far-receding joy,
Without a *purpose* or an *aim* to bless,
Or give the vivid intellect employ,
Is the most perfect form of wretchedness
That pain can manufacture to destroy
Great souls who ask in grief, " Ah ! shall I lend
My strength to good or bad, both seem to blend ! "

But thou hast been my umpire, early friend ;
Thy spirit chose a higher destiny ;
Thy hopes into the future far extend,
And thy successes make my bosom gay ;
Even as sweet odors with dark shadows blend,
Thou censer-bearer of still destiny ;
There is no painful portion of dull fate
That was not left by thee less desolate.

And the soul-moving, the unfathomed bliss,
The spirit-thrilling, pure, æsthetic fire,
That makes our bosoms' happiness in this,
And in the world hope promises far higher,

And tones our being to that loveliness
That beauty spreads around us to admire
As virtue's teachers ; all these things to thee
Nature has meted out most lavishly.

Yet all who view the vanished years perceive
Their shades contain what time can ne'er restore.
Hopes gone forever, like the birds that leave
The withered landscape, to return no more.
No love or faith can tempt us to believe
As confidently as we did before
Cold disappointments laden impress chills
The warm blood of the heart's receptacles.

So tardy time rolls on ; and yet how brief
Was joy's emotion in the hours that fill
Life's springs and summers. Soon the yellow leaf
And blighting breath of Boreas comes to chill,
With seasons of corroding care and grief,
The young heart's hope-built ecstacies that thrill
The bosom of their bearer ; soon fierce pain
Usurps the throne of rapture's short-lived reign.

The forest leaves are falling by the river,
That flows around thy childhood's dwelling-place ;
A moment in the passing breeze they quiver,
Then rest forever with their fallen race ;
Like the last efforts hope makes to deliver
Some portion of the bliss we would embrace,
Back to our bosoms, tho' taught year by year
Those beauties bud and blossom but to sere.

Ah ! Hope, why art thou an infatuation,
A fleeting evanescent phantasy,
The fitting spirit of procrastination,
A gilded cloud upon the dying day,
Making night darker, wrecking thy creation
Almost in sight of pleasure's promised bay,
Breaking our spirits with thine ever-prized
Delusions never to be realised ?

Where is thy spell that urged life's early race,
That pointed onward thro' prosperity
The path that wound by many a pleasing place,
Where winding streams thro' waving verdure stray ;
The bountiful success of fancy's chase,
Whose vain seductions vanish day by day !
As evening fades the flower and wakes the star,
Wafted away to re-appear afar.

Thou art an angel's music in the hour
Of misery's desolation—sacred sounds !
We still our hearts to hear thee with thy power,
To dissipate what most in life abounds,
Like waters to the parched, or coming showers
To the dry verdure and the thirsty grounds ;
Thy tenderness would teach us to infer
Some seraph had alit to scatter myrrh.

To his own sacred occupation singing
The song begun in heaven before he left
The host of holy worshippers, out-winged
The very beams of light his white wings cleft

On his joy-journey thro' the blue space, bringing
Some blessings to the breast too long bereft
Of all it longs for. Cannot angels bring
Such music as from heaven's high fountains spring ?

There is a dimness in the atmosphere,
A sunless light upon the far-off hills ;
In total shade the valleys disappear,
In mists uprisen from the reeds and rills ;
The gathering gloom, cloud purpling cloud, draws near ;
As fear forms fear, when apprehension fills
The heart with hope deferred, and none can tell
If blight will come, or all things yet be well ;

And thro' the dimness that is gathered there,
Among the glory of the crimson gloom,
There comes advancing thro' the upper air
A host of fame, whose beams defy the tomb ;
Bards of gone time, and seers, whose missions were
The wonders of the past, sent to illumine
Ages to be made glorious in the blaze
Of their majestic lore and prophecies.

And each assumed his lyre and harp of light,
And sounded high the soul-exalted lays
In virtue's favour, and the power of right ;
The all-abundant peace of future days ;
The unfathomed grandeur ; the majestic might ;
The rich reward ; the everlasting praise,
Of those who come off conquerors in the strife
That desolates such hosts of human life.

They hailed the dawn of righteous Reason's morn,
The harmony of truth yet undefined,
Whose light shall make men holier, being born
Of moral power and nature's laws combined ;
Faith without knowledge only meets with scorn,
And fails to sooth the ever-thirsting mind,
And with high pæans they praised the learned of old,
Who lit the shades round superstition rolled.

A moving host with glittering angels' wings,
Seen far-careering thro' the ambient air,
Awaited their release from earthly things,
And wafted them to where the angels are
Wrapped in the robes of pure imagining,
Of pearl and twilight tinting, soft and fair,
In jasper clouds reclining, whilst a hymn
On harps received th' ascending cherubim.

I saw the moon arise far off and shed
A soft pale light upon the hazy land,
And night in solitary places fled,
Along the silent shore on either hand ;
Far fleecy clouds their silvery splendors spread
In heaven's deep azure, rolling high and grand ;
Low breezes ridged the bay's bright shimmering sheen,
And moved the boughs along the shores of green.

ORRAMEL, THE FOREST MAIDEN.

FROM THE PROSE OF MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The ready boats received their freight,
The fleet moved slowly from the shore,
The river sparkled in the light,
Tinged with the hues the morning wore;
The oak's exalted, unshorn head
Waved greenly with majestic grace,
The elm's umbrageous arms were spread
To screen the restless feathered race.
The cherry bent above the stream
Whose blossoms flecked the watery gleam,
Where silently the silver sails
Float on before the breezy gales;
And seven bright suns were set before
They reached the fatal field of war.

At night within their fortress wall
The Pequods held a festival—
Ah! little thought they, even now,
Their watch dog hailed the wary foe.
"Owanux," shrieked the sentinel,
And every throbbing heart grew still,
On white mens' swords unarmed they rushed,
Their bright blood on the bayonets gushed;
They wrenched the weapons from their foes,
They grappled deadly fierce and close;

Till "fire the fort" was heard, then came
Full seventy whirling cones of flame
Half quenched in blood. The midnight glare
Rolled luridly along the air,
And mothers hurried too and fro
Among their home-fires' gloomy glow,
Hugging their shrieking infants nigher
To save them from the flashing fire ;
Nor had the Christless carnage ceased
When morning lit the misty east ;—
Still many a groaning, guiltless breast
Urged friendly death to give them rest ;
And thus did English swords surprise
The hosts they sought to civilize.

Ah ! to the red man's lonely thought,
Who starts to find his home is naught,
What bright examples those must be
Of lamb-like Christianity.

Yet one retired apart to pray
That God might save what man would slay :
While faith his gentler nature swayed
There came a rushing thro' the shade ;
A Pequod maiden heard his prayer
And judged there might be justice there.
Her brow was beauty's dwelling place
And every charm full nature's grace ;
Her grasp was rigid as despair—
Anon she gazed on vacancy ;
Her eyes refused their grief to share,
Then closed as if they closed for aye.

Like evening's sun she sank, and still
From fresh wounds, fast, a crimson rill
Flowed o'er her bronzed and throbbing form,
In wandering ripples bright and warm;
Where fear, and grief, and strife had been,
All was celestially serene ;
And from her face ye scarce could tell
If her gone days were ill or well ;
A mingled whirl of glee or pain,
For they had gained that confluence when
The maiden's and the matron's years
So marvellously mixed appears.
Again her lips began to speak,
The blood to tinge her olive cheek,
The trance of fear soon passed away
And reason re-assumed its sway.
She saw the christian standing by,
And, with a shrill and shuddering cry,
The blood upon her bronzed breast
Showed memory all the wretched rest.
God's servant, with a tender hand,
Sustained her—striving to assuage
Her grief, with tones all understand—
The brute, the savage, and the sage.
"Surely my people might have stay'd
Their hands against the beauteous maid."

Seven years rolled by yet she remained
Bless'd by a christian father's care ;
And every summer added grace
To beauty's most exalted air :

Her glossy locks of raven hair
L. excellent profusion spread
Around a face where tenderness
And conscious blushes sweetly sped.

One evening, when the mottled sky
Glowed glorious in the sinking sun,
When heaven's serene immensity
Seemed throbbing forth the words, "well done,"
And sacred superhuman hues
Adorned each dim declivity,
And shaped the intermingled views
As fair as Eden's landscapes be,
Orramel wandered forth alone
To dwell, in thought, 'midst other days,
And many a vivid vision gone
Arose on memory's magic gaze.
There flashed in all their fervid force,
The scenes by which those waters come;
Far by the river's reedy source
She saw her childhood's forest home;
The foliage flashing in the breeze;
The sparkling stream beneath the trees
Rolling its beaming waves away,
In azure curves all gorgeously,
To mirror lakes whose holy hues
Were mottled o'er with white canoes.
Again the dun deer bounds along;
Again she hears her sister's song;
And tears bedim her sable eyes
To see her brothers' forms arise,

So rudely severed in their glee,
And her heart's choice, Ah! where is he?
Young Ontologon, whose high soul
Was never known to brook control;
He of the darkly beaming eye,
The last of Pequod royalty;
Whose words could strange emotions stir,
Who chased the bounding fawn for her,
Whose rapid feet, on plains and hills,
Whose arrows, quick as rapture's thrills,
Pursued the bounding bison crowds,
Or brought the eagle from the clouds?
What sudden sounds arrest her ears?
A real form from vanished years
Upon her longing sight appears.
Quick as the memory of the heart,
By tender intonation stirred,
The remnant of war's cursed art
Stood gazing on his heart's preferred;
As when an eagle, high above
The nest containing all her love,
Poises her wings a little while
To see if aught has been to spoil
The nurslings in their lofty nest,
And watch with joy their hermit rest;
So he, the forest monarch, stood
With joy's quick rapture in his blood,
And more by signs than language said;
"Meet me where yonder alders are
Soon as the setting sun has sped—
The Christian cannot see us there."

Again he vanish'd from her view
Until the shadows darker grew.

"Orramel," said a voice whose deep
Remembrance thrilled thro' every nerve.
She turned, and saw her lover stand
Beside her—by the river's curve.

"Orramel, thou rememb'rest me—
I saw it by thy flashing gaze—
When on the hill-top suddenly
I stood—thy friend of other days:
I know it, for thy cheek-blood spake
Before thy lips the words could make."

"Oh, Ontologon! every tone
Of thine recalls the visions gone;
The dead return—I see thy sire,
And mine, beside the council fire:
Again beneath the cedar tree
I hear thee wooing tenderly,
Or sit beside my mother's home
And watch thee with the evening come.
When from the vines the grapes were shaken,
When from the snares the game was taken,
Thy footsteps pass'd each maiden's door
To lay them all mine own before;
And I grew glad to see thee bring
Bright flowers, and birds with vivid wing."

On Ontologon's lofty brow
The fierce thoughts flitted to and fro:
"Where is thy mother now, and those
Who fed the vengeance of our foes!

Where is our home, so softly seen
Among the forest's glancing green !
Black ruins and bleach'd bones can tell
How fierce the white man's vengeance fell :
I was not there, but thou canst say
How few escaped from death that day.
From every home beneath the heaven
Our desolated race is driven.
Forgotten in their gory graves,
Or parcelled out as white mens' slaves.
There's not a bough upon the tree
Where once it was such joy to be—
Ail banished from earth's beaming face,
The Pequod finds no resting place ;
And even now, should it be known
My footsteps pressed my father's sod,
There's not a Christian but would own
My death a duty to his God :
The Uncas' tomahawk would bring
The tender mercies of their king :
Yet not all desolate hath been
My life since last mine eyes have seen
Their early love—full many a time
I payed the Pale-Face crime for crime.

I seek to bear thee to the west
Where thou and I may yet be blest—
The white man has no foothold there,
And none to follow us will dare ;
Our moons will move in light serene,
And thou shalt be a warrior's queen.

I shall collect our scattered braves,
And lead them, as the swelling waves
Roll down the mountains, to destroy
All our accursed foes enjoy—
Their blood shall be our harvest rains
Till not a living drop remains."

Orramel, with her humid eyes
In troubled tenderness, replies :
"The desolation of our race
Find tears familiar to my face,
As often as the morning comes,
Or evening sheds its glory-glooms ;
But hence another grief is mine—
This utter loneliness of thine.
Until this hour I did not know
My people's sun had set so low ;
Yet curse not those who might have brought
A blighted life where bliss was given ;
They taught my spirit *life*—they taught
Christ Jesus, and a hope of Heaven."
"And is the white man's God and thee
At peace," the gloomy chief replied ;
"And can our wrongs forgotten be,
By those whom they have scattered wide ?
Butchered and burned ? And hast thou thus
Forgot our race's wretchedness ?
Art thou, a red Chief's child, content
With those who caused my banishment ?
Their softened lies have filled thy ear,
Till truth can find no entrance there.

Their hateful hearts have hardened thine
Where once such tenderness could shine.
Wert thou not dearer than heaven's light,
The only moonbeam of my night,
I should have spurned even thee when thou
Didst tell thy willingness to bow
Before the God who lets them do
Things most abhorred to red mens' view."

"Oh, Ontologon! I could leave

The kindness of my Christian home,
Once more the mountain air to breathe,
Or follow where thy footsteps roam—

To be the solace of thy fate,
As the dove dwelleth with its mate.
No tones like thine my heart has heard,

Since sitting by my mothers knee;
She knew not how my soul was stirred

When listening to her praise of thee;
Even now I hear my bosom tell
Its longing with thine own to dwell.

I often seem to hear thy strain

Float softly on the early air,
And oft in dreams return again

Our evening innocence to share—
Surely thine early love can be
God's servant still, yet follow thee!

Choice of my childhood, I have sworn

My feet shall not forsake His road,
And tho' with thee I gladly turn,

The Christian's Saviour is my God;

I must not leave his sacred care,
In whose high charge our spirits are.
And oft, when gazing on the sun
Shed his last beams from hill to hill,
I wished my day, like his, was done,
Then bade my beating heart be still,
For I have at His altar sworn,
And from my vow I dare not turn."

As when by wind the oak is shaken,
By storms of all its leaves forsaken,
The youthful Chieftain's towery form
Was tortured by his Spirit's storm.

"Meet me, Orramel, yet once more,
Even for thy sake I dare endure
To hide among the haunts of hate—
I cannot leave thee to thy fate ;
Then turn again thy tender feet
And meet me where the waters meet—
Come when the trembling moonbeam gives
Pale lustre to the dewy leaves ;
When in the stream the stars are seen,
And low winds wave the reedy green,
My birch canoe shall wait for thee
Beneath the shady alder tree ;
And we will sail to safer climes
Unknown to Christians or their crimes,
Where none dare follow to destroy
Our gradual growth of genuine joy."
He turned, and vanished in the shade,
And night remained around the maid.

Ye who have borne the blame and blight
Of Friendship's scorn for God and right,
Tortured by love's incertitude,
Which proves the mind's most fatal food,
Have found enough to make a fate
Unutterably desolate
If not sustained by Him who gives
The heart the hope for which it lives.

He who had planted in her breast
Love's thrilling rapture of unrest,
Whom she, in thought, to death resigned,
Had suddenly returned to find
His only joy, and hers, must be
The sunset of their destiny.

Again the tardy day has fled,
The silent sunset's flooding flow
Looks lovely in the sky above,
And glorious in the vale below,
And from her eastern dim abode
The moon moves up heaven's mottled road.
Again another day has gone,
And hosts of starry lights appear,
Each smiling from his ancient throne,
As if there was no sorrow here.
Again the forest trees receive
The silver robe the moonbeams weave;
And half revealed by light and shade,
So softly sifted o'er the scene,
Stood Ontologon and the maid
Beneath an elm's umbrageous screen.

"Orramel, when I saw thee last
My soul with grief was overcast;
My hopes like withered blossoms were
To see thee in the serpent's snare:
Maddened by fears of losing thee,
To him my hated enemy,
I spake the strong and stormy words,
Fierce as the goaded forest herds;
For thou alone art left to be
The sunlight to the withered tree.
O think how drear my moons will move
With none of all thy kind to love;
There is no foot save thine to come
In Ontologon's lonely home:
'Tis thine to fill love's vacant place,
And aid to raise our fallen race;
For thou alone art left to bless
My recollection's wretchedness.
But now thine eyes the answer hath
That thou will follow in my path,
To where the western summers bloom
Around our hill-encircled home,
Where I shall hunt the bison droves,
The dun deer in their cedar groves;
And thou shalt be the morning's beam
To my chilled spirit's ice-bound stream."

And there was in his mournful tone
And solitary strain,
Something unutterably lone—
Anon he spake again:

“ Behold!—those vales with verdant flowers,
Before the Pale Face came, were ours;
Those stream-bound hills that we behold,
Spread in the moonlight mistily,
Our butcher’d fathers owned of old,
From the stream’s sources to the sea;
But from each ancient mountain’s brow
The Council Fires are quenched, and now
No Piquod speeds his birch canoe
Along our streams of moonlit blue;—
Gone like the flowers when frosts begin:
The Pale Face bribed the Moichan
To hide by night among the brake,
And watch us, like a sneaking snake.
They sprang upon thy silent sleep,
And few remained at morn to weep:
The Uncas joined the Pale Fac’d foe,
Who did what braves would scorn to do;—
They spurn’d our dying parents’ groans,
Nor did they give the graves their bones:
They hurled the children in the fire,
Rejoicing when the flames roll’d higher!
Oh! had I been there—to oppose—
My heart would now have fewer foes!
They brought the fire-water, and they gave
The red men draughts that made them rave;
That roused their passions into wrong,
Then slaughter’d us when they grew strong!

But, see!—Those shadows longer grow,
And Ontologon’s feet must go—

A wanderer in a lonely land,
With none to take him by the hand;—
No friend, when sick, to give him bread,
Or over him the blanket spread;
With none to bury him, or tell
Where Ontologon's ashes dwell."

" Youth's Morning Beam! too bright to stay—
My soul is sad to hear thee say
The Pequod has no place of rest,
And thou, their chief, the most unblest;
I will go with thee, and forsake
My home thy future path to make
Less desolate, by lake or hill.
But thou wilt not refuse me still
That I should pray to God—or Him
Who died to save—when eve grows dim,
Or, when the rosy mornings roll,
To keep His Sabbaths in my soul?"

" Orramel, I must not deceive
Thy question—though my words may grieve
Thy tenderness—the white man's vow—
Is vacant as this moonlight's glow.
His word is fair, but never binds
More than the passing summer winds.
Tho' life will drag without thy smile,
I cannot promise to beguile.
My heart is happier in its gloom
Than thou couldst make it if to come
With my foes' plague-spot on thy breast,
To break the red man's future rest.

If thy green pathway joins with mine,
The Christian's God can ne'er be thine.
Maid of the dark and tender eye,
Our days are rolling swiftly by—
Dread as a shrub-forsaken plain,
A leafless landscape in a rain—
Age-bended men with moon-beam hair,
Whilst waiting in the valley where
Death's sea receives time's troubled stream,
Look back and call it all a dream.

How oft we find life's crooked path
A certain termination hath;
When death shall end this dream of time,
How could I join thee in that clime?
The heavenliest heaven I could not share
Even with thee if his soul dwelt there;
Thy home beyond the sunsets will
Be mine, or both be separate still.

And yet my father's hunting grounds
Beyond the rolling thunder sounds,
With all their herds and fields of light,
Without *thee*, would not bless my sight.
Orramel! Once again I plead—
O! let my hand thy footsteps lead
Back to the Minto, side by side
Thro' this life and the next, my bride;
He will forgive that thou didst speak
Of wandering, for the heart is weak.
The moving moon begins to lower,
My boat is waiting by the shore;

Of all the sunbeams of my fate,
Thy smile alone remains unset ;
Thou only blossom of thy kind
Our murderers' wrath has left behind :
My home beyond these hills is thine,
Then place thy willing hand in mine."

" Oh, Ontologon !—freely take
My lowly future—for thy sake,
More than my life, I could resign ;
Or all the kindness that was mine
Since last we parted by the still
Green valley of our village hill.
Thou hast not hidden truth from me,
And I shall answer truth to thee.
Behold ! I have but one request,
Nor can it mar thy tender breast :
The water-lily does not give
 Much shadow to the rolling wave ;
Then why refuse that I should live
 In light that shines beyond the grave !
Do rills offend their fountain source
 By seeking refuge in the sea ?
Surely to shape my earthly course
 To Him, will hardly hinder thee,
When hunting for thy forest bride,
The hills and lonely streams beside.
Could I not pray for thee, whilst thou
Bended for me the ashen bow ?
But whilst I live, the Book of God
Must guide my feet along life's road,

That when death comes my soul may go
To where the living rivers flow.
Oh! friend of youth, I dare not be
False to my God for even thee."

"Then cleave to thy deceiver's side,
And be thy base betrayer's bride;
A slave to his luxurious lust,
Who never kept or keeps a trust.
Was it for this my breast has borne
Dark years of every solace shorn,
Save the sweet hope my memory held
Of thee,—all suddenly dispelled;
Was it for this I bowed my pride
Near hateful foes, and thee, to hide?
Crouching by day where rushes curled,
Until the daylight left the world;
And came when midnight moonbeams rolled
Bright stillness where thy footsteps strolled,
Risking my hateful life to share
Unseen with thee the self-same air,
Once more to hear the only voice
That could return my vanished joys;
Or on the western mountains trod,
Watching afar thy dim abode?
For this I bear from day to day,
The life I longed to cast away
Whilst listening to the lone-wind's sigh,
"Orramel liveth, wherefore die?"
Oh! I have longed thy tones to hear,
And when those words came to my ear,

"I will go with thee," sudden light
Burst in upon my heart of night;
But we have met to part, behold!
My coming days grow doubly cold;
I hear the midnight tempest moan,
And meet my murdered race alone."

"Let me, Oh! let me be that light
Which thou hast sought to sooth thy sight;
And let us walk together till
Death's angel makes our pulses still—
Together hear his silent call,
Who cometh only once to all.
I cannot bear that thou shouldst be
Pained by the breast that loveth thee;
I long thy sadness to beguile
And teach thy loneliness to smile.
I pray thee, Ontologon, hear
My transient tale—how many a tear
Hath dimmed my vision day by day,
Since we two parted—till the ray
Of heavenly consolation came,
But for thy sake I shall not name
The silent peace that soothed my soul,
Bidding the tear-drop cease to roll,
Except to justify my heart
For what may keep our paths apart.

When last I saw thee leave thy home,
Far o'er the western hills to roam,
I did not think such years of pain
Would pass before we met again;

But they have fled, my early friend,
And all that is to come will end,
And each year's solitary flight
Seemed to contain less day than night,
Until a superhuman joy
Came down those shadows to destroy—
Shedding within such blessed balm,
That all life's troubled waves grew calm—
And my glad bosom's holy glow
Vowed heaven an everlasting vow,
And sorrow has less power to pain,
And each bird sings a sweeter strain.
O! gladly would I read to thee
Those passages that pardoned me;
That give such courage at death's gate
And make us heirs of Heaven's estate,
The clime where sorrows never come,
And none can rob us of that home;
Where all are blest beyond desire—
Sons in the kingdom of their Sire;
Words in the book of which I spake,
But shall be silent for thy sake."

He did not speak, but in his gaze
There was an awful agony—
The shuddering chill, the sickening haze
Of death o'er all that should not die.

At length the scathing spasm fled,
And he address'd the suffering maid;
His voice was firm, nor did unfold
The desolation round him rolled :

"If thou wilt make my future thine,
And be forever wholly mine,
Not even gloomy death shall dare
Thy trusting soul from mine to tear;
But choose thy fathers' murderer's God,
And take a separated road."

And she must speak her lover's doom,
Tho' with her heart's blood words must come;
How in her struggling bosom strove,
Her love to God—her human love—
A glance o'er life—a shivering shock—
Anon his doom the silence broke:
"O, choice of childhood! spare me; Lo!
I dare not from my Saviour go!"

With double giant's strength he drove
His quick boat from its cosy cove
Of reedy shadows, where it lay,
Out on his solitary way.
At length he ceased to row, and still
The boat went, drifting at its will.
'Twas that reaction which succeeds
The struggle, when the spirit bleeds—
Recklessly rolling with the tide,
Unguided by his arm of pride.

Orramel stood upon the hill
That overlooks the bending shore,
Watching her wavering hope, until
It vanished, to return no more.

He did not raise his head or hand ;
He sought no signal from the land ;
No tender sign to check the pain
Of parting, ne'er to meet again.

No sound awoke the stillness, save
The ripple of the reedy wave ;
The rushing of the rising gale,
Among the willows of the vale ;
Anon she sought their parting place,
Where memory all his words retrace,
And round her spirit's tissues wove
His last sad words of grief and love ;
Their parting bitterer than the grave—
The wreck of all she sought to save—
And o'er her soul strong feelings came
That she must bear his blighting blame
For all their future's ruined home ;
And O, the thought, his life of gloom !

A fearful tumult of the brain—
A mental whirl where naught was plain,
Save that he ne'er would come again ;
And when the pallid moonlight ceased,
And morning lit the misty east
With emblems of departing day,
She homeward took her lonely way.

DEAD.

TO MISS S. ELLIOTT, A VERY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY, WHO
WAS BORN AT MEERUT, EAST INDIES, IN 1840, AND DIED
OF CONSUMPTION AT NEWBY, IRELAND, 1851.

Born where the sun sheds bright and boundless bloom ;
Where sacred Ganges seeks the sounding sea,
Thy morning glories gleamed, till in the tomb,
The chilling northern tomb, they buried thee.

Young transient moonbeam on the trembling wave
Of time, why didst thou seek the other shore ?
O, wherefore grieve our gladness by the grave ?
On earth's green fields to greet thee nevermore.

We start to look upon thine unused toys,
And clasp cold hands upon an aching breast,
Urging the heart to beat without its joys,
Whilst sighs replace the solace of thy jest.

It may be better than if thou hadst staid
To live in beauty and to bless our life ;
Wrenched harshly from us—in the lone grave laid—
Thou wert too fair to join this world's fierce strife.

'Tis far beyond the power of human song
To tell how lone a heart like thine can be
Whilst mingling with the mammon-grasping throng,
The hosts who have no higher destiny.

Yet, in the hours of heaven-forgetfulness,
Our selfishness blasphemes in prayers for thee

To be once more among us, tho' thy bliss
Is rapture, and earth's days drag drearily.

And O! at eve, when the full heart forgets,
Hurrying us home to meet thee at the door;
Then comes the crushing truth, the dumb regrets,
That we shall never meet thee any more.

TO MR. RICE'S LANDSCAPE.

How much we admire your elegant painting
No words can express, even could we command;
The living, the breathing, the eloquent tinting,
Is worthy, my friend, of your masterly hand.

Away in the distance, the blue hills extending
Their forest-crowned summits, all silently soft,
Look up to the heavens with its evening hues blending,
And glow in the fading effulgence aloft.

The road by the rocks, and the bridge from the mountain,
The mirror-like lake, and the blue sky o'er all,
Receive from thy art such a spirit of grandeur
As Eden contained ere its sin-darkened fall.

It stirs in the bosom those tender emotions
That waken a longing for loftier life.
Celestial impressions of beauty ideal
Are sweet compensations in destiny's strife.

TO ONE WHOM I OFFENDED.

Oh! once, when the smile of thy kindness was mine,
What dreams of delight I beheld!
What castles of grandeur in gardens divine,
What music from seraphim swelled.

The white wings of peace floated over my soul,
And wafted it lightly above,
To mingle where anthems celestially roll
From fountains of rapture and love.

There were rivers of azure and heavenly heights,
And thou in thy beauty wert there,
With a harp, and a crown, and a halo of lights,
Ye scarce could imagine how fair.

We visited vistas entranced and enchanted,
Enraptured we roved by the streams;
We gathered the lilies in Paradise planted,
Surpassing earth's heavenliest dreams.

We mingled abashed with the cherubim bright,
Enrobed in the finest spun gold,
Till my vision grew pained with the fulness of light,
Unaccustomed such scenes to behold;

And my heart got so glad with the glory of heaven
That it broke thro' its beautiful bliss;
So, forth from my Eden, by sinfulness driven,
I woke—from thy world into this.

I stretched out my hands to assure me of life,
And felt the cold walls of my room ;
Then I knew that thou wert not my cherubim-wife,
For thou couldst not exist in such gloom.

I pray thee, thou orb of my spirit, forgive
Thy charms, ere thou comest to reprove
My errors; thou shouldst not expect me to live
Like thee or the angels above.

ON THE BANKS OF THE NITH, PARIS, C. W.

AIR—" *Meeting of the Waters.*"

On the banks of the Nith, when the evening was clear,
The wood-robin's singing I wandered to hear ;
But a little time past ere another came there—
Oh! she is the fairest of all that is fair.

How swift flew the twilight, we could not tell why,
For the light of her smile and the glance of her eye
Were enough to have driven night's shadows away ;
But there's something in rapture that will not delay.

Such Eden-like sweetness I would not resign
For the wealth of the Indies, if offered as mine,
And I blame not the bards who have given employ
To the musical praise of such exquisite joy.

By the first beams of morning a cottage is seen,
Reflecting the light from its portals of green ;
But the sunbeam within it is fairer by far
Than the lily, the rose, or the eventide star.

I SHALL NOT TELL.

AIR--"Oh! No, I Never Mentioned Her."

I shall not tell thee why the land
With so much glory glows;
There is but one in all the world
My sacred secret knows.

O! she is fairer than the flowers
Of rosy June or May,
When every bird is singing near,
And every blossom gay.

I asked her eyes to let their beams
Make life supremely grand;
Their answer, like a flood of light
Flushed all the flow'ry land.

The sunbeams glanced among the grass,
Warm-waving in the breeze;
A new life gladdened every bloom,
More splendid grew the trees.

I never had much faith in gain,
Or wealth, or golden power,
And even these seem doubly vain,
Henceforward from this hour.

I shall not tell thee why the land
With so much glory glows;
There is but one in all the world
My sacred secret knows.

HE WANTS ME TO MARRY HIM.

AIR—"Bonny Eloise."

He wants me to marry him—what shall I say!
To leave my old friends—let me see;
I know that he loves me—he said so to-day—
I think they can do without me.

He is comely and brave, he is tender and true,
As fair as a twilight in June;
He asks me to wander with him, and I do,
By the delicate light of the moon.

Oh! weary to think, 'twas for May that he came;
But I left them alone in the bower—
When passing the pine grove he called me by name,
And gave me this lilac flower.
He is comely, &c.

Ah! how shall I leave them—my parents and May—
My home and my friends? let me see;
He wants me to marry him—he said so to-day!
I think they can do without me,
He is comely, &c.

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